THE GOVERNOR'S GARDEN

By George R R Rivers

LIBRARY
University of California
IRVINE

Merry Christmas
to Auntie from Sara

The Governor's Garden



The GOVERNOR'S Garden

A Relation of Some Paſſages in the Life of His Excellency *Thomas Hutchinſon*, ſometime Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of *His Majeſty's* Province of *Maſſachuſetts Bay*.

BY GEORGE R. R. RIVERS



Publiſhed at *Boſton*, in *New England*, by *Little, Brown, and Company*, in the Year of *Our Lord* MDCCCXCVIII

Copyright, 1896, *by G. R. R. Rivers*

PS
2718
R26
G6

To
THE DEAR MISTRESS OF
THE GARDEN

TO THE READER.

HAVING ſpent moſt of my Life on the Eſtate in Milton *once owned by Governor* Hutchinſon, *and during my Childhood having been told its Hiſtory and Traditions, I have always promiſed myſelf that at ſome time I would write a Story in which the ſcenes I have known ſo long ſhould have a central place. This little Book is the fulfilment of this Promiſe, and perhaps there will be thoſe who will read it on account of old Aſſociations, if not for the Story.*

The Hiſtorical Portions are, I believe, in accordance with Facts. I think I have given to Mr. Hutchinſon *his true Character, although even to-day there are thoſe who have not found it out. There were Tories as ſincere as were the Patriots, and the characters I have introduced to repreſent the Former are but examples of the many honeſt, conſcientious Perſons who gave up home and friends, becauſe they would not abandon their Convictions.*

There is a Tradition that there was, at ſome remote time, a Subterranean Paſſage leading from the Governor's House to the Neponſet *River. I never ſaw it, but perhaps I may be excuſed for believing what was told me when I was a Boy. I only hope that my Readers will have the ſame confiding Truſt, and believe all I tell them.*

I have received moſt valuable Aſſiſtance from the various works I have conſulted, but my greateſt thanks go out to my beloved Aunt, who for more than half a century has known the dear old Place, its Garden, and its Traditions. The Silhouettes, I muſt add in fairneſs to the Reader, are moſtly imaginary, and were the diverſion of ſome idle Moments. I offer my Work for what it is worth, truſting that there will be thoſe found to whom it will be a pleaſure to paſs an hour in the Governor's Garden.

GEORGE R. R. RIVERS.

The GOVERNOR'S GARDEN

CHAPTER I. *In which the Reader is introduced to the Hoſt of the White Cock Tavern and to ſome other Perſons of importance in this Hiſtory.*

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1773, *Caleb White*, the keeper of the *White Cock* Tavern, was busying himself in getting his rooms in readiness for such guests as might arrive during the evening, some of them to spend the time in conversing upon matters then uppermost in all minds, others to warm themselves by the broad open fireplace, upon whose iron dogs the oak logs blazed cheerily. The night was clear and cold, and the ground covered with snow, so that no doubt many would take advantage of the comforts offered by the inn during the next few hours.

In the middle of the hall stood a large oak table, upon which *White* had placed a bowl filled with steaming punch. Around this he was arranging various dishes with which to tempt the hungry. The room looked cheerful, the long mirror opposite the fireplace reflecting its brightness, making it seem double its size. He glanced about him and appeared satisfied, and after lighting the candles, and consulting the tall clock in the corner, he

 knocked

knocked at the door of one of the small rooms and was admitted.

The tavern was a long, low, wooden building, of one and a half stories. Its architecture was that of the early part of the eighteenth century, which we may call colonial, although our idea of a colonial house has become somewhat vague since modern architects have attempted to reproduce it. It stood near the highway, leaving only enough space for two tall elms, whose spreading boughs completely overshadowed it. In front was a narrow piazza, whose overhanging roof was supported by six pillars. The entrance was in the middle of the house towards the road, and led directly into the hall which was used as reception, dining, and tap-room. On one side of this was a room reserved for private guests, which was also sometimes used for secret meetings and committees. The remainder of the house was divided into sleeping-rooms, kitchen, and other household departments, and the stable in the rear was ample for the accommodation of such equipages as sought its shelter. It was situated at some distance from the *Province* House, in the direction of *Roxbury*, and anyone standing upon its roof could see the summit of the *Great Blue Hill; Boston Harbour*, with its islands and castle; and *Nantasket Roads*.

The keeper of the tavern *Caleb White*, was of *Puritan* stock, and a thorough-going patriot. He was of medium height, stout, with a round, cheerful face, and very popular with those who visited his inn. He had served under *Pepperell* at the siege of *Louisburg*, and had been mentioned for bravery,

ery, and at the end of the *French War* had come to *Boston* to seek his fortune. For several years he worked at his trade, that of a carpenter, but finally, in 1765, after the death of his father, he sold the farm he had inherited, and invested in the inn in which he now took so much pride. He was one of the founders of the *Sons of Liberty*, and had taken part in that memorable demonstration on August 14th, 1765, when the effigy of *Oliver*, the stamp officer, was carried through the streets of *Boston*, and finally burned before his house. But to his credit be it said that he had had no hand in the sacking of *Hutchinson's* house a fortnight later, and had done all in his power to prevent it. For though an ardent patriot, he would only advocate violence as a last resort; and this was the temper of all sound thinkers at that time. So when he came into possession of the *White Cock* Tavern, the *Sons of Liberty* and those in sympathy with them, flocked to it, and it became one of their many headquarters.

When he entered the side room he found seated at the table three young men engaged in earnest conversation. They had arrived early, and were given this room where they could talk without interruption. There was little danger of it, but in those days when the King's spies were on the watch, some caution was deemed necessary. Before *Caleb White*, however, there was no restraint, and they continued without reserve.

Charles Doddridge, the oldest of the three, was about six-and-twenty years of age, tall and fair, with a look of determination and eagerness in his large

large blue eyes. A *Boston* boy, he had entered his father's counting-house at an early age. He had seen the latter's fortune disappear, and his health break down, until finally he died. For he had foreseen that the ties which bound the Colonies to the mother country would soon be burst asunder, and this, together with his decaying fortune, and failing health, had broken his heart. The son had joined the *Sons of Liberty*, his heart filled with bitterness, and his mind with the thought of punishing his country's enslavers.

He was leaning on the table, shading his eyes from the candle with his hand, looking from one of his companions to the other and speaking in an animated voice. Resting his gaze upon the elder, he said, "So the Governor refuses to comply with Mr. *Adams's* request. He has then learned no lessons, and imagines that we are to be trodden under foot forever. It seems to me that the time has come to rid ourselves of this King's puppet, and if his master does not recall him, we must take matters into our own hands and turn him off. One thing or the other must happen before long."

"Drive him away, I say," said the younger of his companions. "Make the place unbearable for him. They talk of sending *Gage* to do the dirty work which the Governor dare not do himself; to shoot our men and insult our women. If we get rid of the master, the hireling can be more easily handled."

"Your idea is an excellent one," answered *Doddridge*. "But as the coward has betaken himself to his country house in *Milton* to escape justice, it will



His Excellency
THOMAS HUTCHINSON

will take more time and trouble to reach him. The snow is deep, and the road wearisome for those who go afoot instead of with a coach and six. It can be done, though. It might frighten him into submission were we to appear before his *Milton* house in those *Mohawk* suits which did such good service a few days ago. What is your opinion, *Whittemore?* Would you join us in such an enterprise?"

The man addressed was a strong contrast to *Doddridge*. Although younger than his friend by two years, he seemed older, being much more reserved, and of maturer mind. He had been listening to his two friends without interrupting them, but when questioned he answered slowly, with a thoughtful look in his deep-set black eyes. "I am sure we have suffered enough, friends, and should have redress, and I wish with all my heart that something might be done to lighten our burdens. But are we striking at the root when we attack the Governor? Is he doing his own will or that of the government he represents? Is he to blame for the laws he is obliged to enforce? It seems to me that it would be wiser to leave these matters to older heads than ours: those who have done so much already will be sure to do the right thing at the right time, and will condemn any violence or ill-judged action. Our turn will come to strike sooner or later. In the meanwhile let us be patient. It is reported that General *Gage* is to supersede the Governor, and perhaps this will be a change for the better. At any rate, it can't be much worse, so let us wait before we undertake anything more."

Doddridge

Doddridge had not expected this answer, for he had counted on his friend's support. *Whittemore* was a *Son of Liberty*, and had often been outspoken against the doings of government. But he was a patriot, not a fanatic. He saw, as did older men, that acts of violence would only harm the end for which they were striving, and that it was folly to attack an innocent man who was only doing what seemed to him a duty. *Doddridge* was wise enough to see that it was useless to attempt to argue with him, for he evidently meant what he said. So when *Whittemore* had finished speaking he replied, "Perhaps you are right. What can we do? Doesn't this man deserve to be made an example of? However, let us wait a little while longer, and if we are patient he'll get his deserts. But I do feel that we've a right to punish him." So saying he took a draught from his mug of cider and leaned back in his chair.

Caleb White had listened silently to the conversation, but as their superior in the *Sons of Liberty*, he said, "Mr. *Whittemore* is right. I have seen most of the troubles of this century, and no good has ever come to us from hasty, unbalanced action. It is better to wait. But what you have just been saying reminds me of a conversation I overheard here a few nights ago. All the guests had gone, and I was about to close the tavern for the night, when a sleigh drove up, and there was a knock at the door. I opened it, and two men well wrapped up came in and asked for hot spirits. While I was serving them they talked together in a low voice, and as they were about to leave,

one

one of them, a very dark man, who looked like a *Spaniard*, said in an audible voice, and with a slight accent, 'The thing you suggest can be easily done. My brother and I have done as much before, and we are not afraid to undertake it. He is waiting for us at the place I spoke of, at the foot of the *Great Blue Hill*. We will go there first, and then I'll find the others. The Governor is in *Milton*, to remain some days, and will not suspect our intentions.' They then left, taking the road in the direction of *Milton*. I gave the matter little thought at the time, but since hearing what you have said it has struck me that perhaps these men had something the same idea as Mr. *Doddridge*."

"Probably some smuggler planning how he can deliver his goods," said *Whittemore* with a smile. "But if they have any intention of scaring the Governor, it will save *Charles* the trouble, and he will be content without mixing us all up in it."

Saying this he and his companion bade them goodnight, and left the tavern. Soon after *Doddridge* left also, and walked towards his home.

As he moved briskly along with his cloak wrapped about him to keep off the piercing northeast wind, his mind was in an unsettled state, for the landlord's story had made a great impression on him. He knew that he could in no way get help from his two friends, so he made up his mind to look in another direction for assistance, and his thoughts turned towards the strangers whom *Caleb White* had mentioned, and he determined to go the next morning to the *Great Blue Hill*.

It

It was still early when he opened the garden gate leading to his mother's house, and he knew by the lights in the window that his mother and sister were awaiting his return. As he lifted the latch he heard their voices, and for a moment he forgot his schemes, for he was deeply attached to them. Mrs. *Doddridge* was well known to the *Sons* and *Daughters of Liberty*. She was tall, and of fair complexion, with large blue eyes, whose expression was often hard. Her mouth showed determination, even temper, but her whole face could change in an instant for those she loved or wished to please. Still young, being not more than seven-and-forty, her step was light and elastic, and her graceful carriage made her appear even younger. When, at the age of eighteen, she wedded *Amos Doddridge*, she had been deemed one of the most comely maidens in the town, and her marriage had caused many an aching heart. She had been very happy, as well she might have been, for a truer, kinder husband none could have had. He was six years her senior, and in their early married life had every prospect of amassing an ample fortune, but when he died had left little, save the house in which his widow and children lived, and a loved memory. This house was not far from *Trinity* Church, being on the other side of *Bishop's* Alley, and had been built to please his wife, who wished for more ample grounds than they had around their old home near *Garden Court* Street.

As *Charles* entered the room his mother was speaking to a handsome girl of eighteen. Unlike her brother, *Dorothy Doddridge* was dark, and her manner

ner reserved. Though a girl, and several years his junior, events had made a great impression on her; and she well understood their position and the causes which had brought them to it. But she felt, as her father had done, that they must remain loyal to the King, and that nothing would be gained by violence. Her mother believed that it was this King's laws that had ruined her husband's health and fortune, and the luxury and ease of those she considered the minions of the Crown exasperated her and made her bitter. She thought *Dorothy* should agree to all this, and was speaking of it when her son appeared and greeted them both.

"I am glad you have come," she said, her expression changing to a loving smile. "Where have you been this evening? At some gathering of our faithful friends, I'll warrant, and giving them good advice, as you always do. What do they say to-day? Has *Thomas Hutchinson* heeded the warning and decided to remove the troops, or is he still obstinate? It is sad that one who promised so much should fail us now. What a grief it would have been to your father. But you need not answer! I see by your expression that he has again refused. I expected as much, for he lacks that courage which makes the patriot, and he serves the powerful tyrant rather than the weak people." She looked towards *Dorothy* as she spoke, as if to impress her.

The latter turned her head sadly towards her brother, as he answered, "You are right, dear mother. He has again refused. It is hopeless to expect anything from him, and we must look elsewhere. We cannot

cannot and will not submit longer. To-morrow is the New Year, and may God grant us a change with its coming. But you are both weary and must not sit up longer. I have work to do to-night, and in the morning I must go out before you rise, so good-night, and God bless you both."

"Sleep well," answered his mother, "and may you have courage in the time of need." So saying, she and her daughter passed through the large hall, and up the broad stairway, leaving *Doddridge* to plan his journey to the *Great Blue Hill.*



CHAPTER

CHAPTER II. *In which Mr. Jaquith goes to the Great Blue Hill.*

THE *Great Blue Hill*, known to the early settlers as *Massawachusett*, rises about eleven miles to the south-east of *Boston*. One hundred and twenty years ago it seemed much the same to those seeing it from afar that it does to us to-day. But one who then stood upon its summit could not anticipate the changes in its surroundings which have since taken place. Now one climbs it by a broad road, and the view that spreads itself below him, over the wide expanse of *Massachusetts Bay* to the east, toward *Weymouth* and *Plymouth* on the south, *Mount Wachusett* to the west, by *Middlesex* and *Essex* to the north, and back again to the shores of *Cape Ann*, is a view filled with the busy life of modern civilization. There are stretches of meadows and fertile fields, sprinkled with towns alive with buzzing factories; the gaps between dotted with farms and threaded with white roads and shining railways, with here and there a winding river spanned by bridges, from whose banks rise lofty buildings with smoking chimneys, and on whose waters float many a craft of toil and pleasure; on the bay the many lighthouses and the ever-moving panorama of vessels; and around the harbour the warehouses, wharves and docks of a great maritime city. There are great changes since the date of our story. Then, to be sure, there were towns and farms, and *Boston Harbour* was

full

full of ships, but the country was in a state of transition, and the virgin forests about the *Great Blue Hill* still held remnants of that race whose existence was soon to be a legend.

On the morning of December 26th, 1773, a sleigh containing two men muffled in furs, turned the base of the hill and stopped by the banks of a little lake. It was early, and the sun was just beginning to look over the shoulder of the hill, causing the snow and ice on the tree-tops to sparkle in its rays like a necklace about the pure white throat of a maiden. As the sleigh stopped the elder man said with a peculiar accent:

"We are near the place now. It's on the other side of the lake, and he'll be there soon."

"I am glad of that," answered his companion quickly, "for I am near frozen with this frosty morning air. I trust we shall not be long in coming to an understanding."

The other made no answer, but started on in the direction of the lake, which was a little below them to the east. Driving over the snow nearly to its edge, he went down a narrow path on to its frozen surface, and crossed to the other side. Lake *Hoosic Whisick* was a small sheet of water, and at the time of the Revolution had been little disturbed by white settlers, though there were a few who had built their houses within a short distance of it. But it was a comparatively isolated spot, and its southern side, to which the two men had driven, was wild and unbroken. Densely wooded, this was in some places difficult to reach from the lake, for many rocks projected from the shore.

The

The driver knew the place well, however, and found no trouble in making a landing where the shore was flat and there was an opening between the overhanging pines. He went on a few rods and then alighted from the sleigh, requesting his companion to do the same, and led the horse still further into the forest, until they reached an open space. Here he fastened the animal to a sapling and conducted his fellow-traveller to a sheltered spot, where they spread their furs and seated themselves, to await the arrival of the person they had come to meet.

The elder of the two, a man of about five-and-forty, was dark, and might when muffled in his furs and in an uncertain light, have been mistaken for a Spaniard. But in the winter sunlight it was easy to discern the straight hair and the copper-colored complexion of an Indian. His dress was that of a sailor, and when he spoke it was in good English, though with an accent. His face was heavy and disagreeable, with penetrating hawk-like eyes, looking out from beneath scowling brows. He wore gold earrings, and his hands showed that they were no strangers to the halliards and mainbrace.

His companion was a young man, of slight figure, with flaxen hair and blue eyes, and with that set of jaw which indicates a strong will and a bad temper. It was evident from his drawn brows that his mind was weighed down by some affair of importance and difficulty, and he rose every now and then and walked up and down impatiently. At last stopping before the other he said irritably,

bly, "Isn't he coming soon? I have promised you fifty pounds, if you succeed in getting the tea safely landed. Isn't that sufficient inducement for haste? The brig should be near land by now, and every moment is precious, and here we wait, wasting time. What do you intend doing? Tell me now."

Fixing him with his sharp eyes, the other answered coolly, "In the first place, Mr. *Jaquith*, I intend that you shall pay me the fifty pounds here, and further swear that you'll not allow us to be known in the matter should it fail. After you've done that you'll learn our plans, and we'll do our best to satisfy you. Here he comes, so you'll not have to wait long for information."

When *Jaquith* looked up he saw a tall, wild-looking Indian approaching them. He scanned both the men, and going up to his brother asked in words the white man did not understand, "What brings you to this lonely place, when you can have all the comforts of the town? Have you some undertaking in which this young gentleman is interested? If so, let me know it, and I will aid you if there is good profit in it."

"You have guessed right," answered the other. "Now are you ready to pay us?" he said, addressing *Jaquith* in English. The latter answered by taking a bag from beneath his cloak and handing it to the speaker.

"I will count it later," said the Indian, placing it behind him. "The weight seems good, and that is sufficient now. I'll tell you my plan, and my brother will thus learn what we are to do. You say

say the vessel consigned to you is due in a few days, and has orders to cast anchor off *Nantasket Roads* until nightfall, and at a given signal the tea is to be sent in boats to the mouth of the *Neponset* River. Our duty is to get it and the rest of her cargo to land, and finally into your possession without the knowledge of the authorities. I believe that is what you require of us. But remember that it is a perilous task, and," he added with a cunning smile, "if it fails we had no part in it."

"That's agreed," answered *Jaquith* impatiently, "but your plan, your plan. Time passes, and it must be settled."

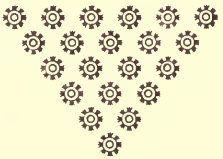
"It is this," answered the Indian. "After dark, when the boats arrive, my brother and I will be, with some others, at the bend in the river, near the Governor's land in *Milton*. We'll then carry the goods to a place of security we know of, from whence you can take them when you see a favorable opportunity. Does this please you? It will be necessary to divert the attention of the Governor and sentries, but you leave that to us, and I promise you it shall be well done."

"'Twill do well enough if it succeeds," answered *Jaquith*. "I do not know what methods you intend to employ, nor on the whole do I care so long as the result is satisfactory. Does your brother agree?"

The Indian answered with a nod. "Very well, then," he continued, "I'll leave you to arrange matters, and I'll return to town to get the news. You have horses and can ride there. But remember that I've paid you, and do your best."

The

The Indian made no answer, but pouring the money out of the bag began counting it carefully. *Jaquith* returned to the sleigh, and was soon slowly making his way out of the woods, across the lake, and on towards *Boston*.



CHAPTER

CHAPTER III. *In which we find Mr. Doddridge following in the ſteps of Mr. Jaquith.*

THE sun rose fair on *New Year's Day*, 1774. It was just light as *Charles Doddridge* descended to the dining room where he found breakfast ready for him, and a few minutes later, having put a flask of wine into his pocket, he went to the stable and saddled and bridled his horse.

The morning breeze cooled his head as he rode along *Newbury* Street, and he found himself wondering if his was not a foolish errand; if *Whittemore* was not right; and if it would not be more reasonable to leave the matter to others, and let things take their natural course. Nevertheless he rode on over *Orange* Street, and out of the town, by the old fortifications and across the Neck, until the blue crest of *Massawachusett* came in full view. Then all his old feelings returned, and he headed his horse in that direction.

He had finally reached the base of the hill, and was about to turn into a path which showed signs of recent travel, when he heard a voice among the trees. Turning in its direction, he saw an Indian boy standing with his head thrown back, and looking towards the crest of the hill. He had a proud look on his dark face, mingled with a certain sadness, and his black eyes were flashing as he kept them fixed on the sight before him. From where he stood he could see the mass of oaks and pines reaching to the summit of the hill, and beyond the bright blue winter sky, broken here and

 there

there by ribbons of white cloud. He had in one hand a bow; in the other a rabbit he had shot. As he stood he swayed his body gracefully from side to side, keeping measure with a song, or rather chant, learned from his father, who had been taught it by his father's father. This is what the song said:

Maſſawachuſett, mountain fair,
The blue hued mantle 'round thy breaſt
Protects the wild fox in his lair,
Gives ſhelter to the eagle's neſt.

About thy feet the waters clear
Reflect thy image in their deeps,
Upon whoſe ſurface without fear
In peaceful reſt the wild duck ſleeps.

Thy ſpirit from its granite home
Has viewed the ages gone before,
Will know the ages yet to come
When our proud race ſhall live no more.

And when our wigwam's swept away,
Our tribe's laſt warrior's fought his fight,
Thy ſpirit will recall the day
On which thy children firſt ſaw light.

When all was peace, and joy, and life,
When hunter's call, when young brave's ſhout
Rang through the foreſt in that ſtrife
That put the Tarratines to rout.

Maſſawachuſett, Great Blue Hill,
In thy fond care our paſt we leave,
That when we fall, thou standing still
In laſting web our tale may weave.

Doddridge remained quietly seated in his saddle until the last strain of the boy's song had died away, and then rode towards him. It occurred to him

him that this lad might give him the information he sought, or else direct him to someone who could do so. He called to him. The boy turned and *Doddridge*, seeing that he had an intelligent face, and a friendly demeanor, said to him: "Can you tell me, my lad, whether a sleigh containing two men, one of them of very dark complexion, has passed this way within the last few days? I want to find them." The lad answered slowly, and in a sweet voice, "I don't know, sir. I'll ask my father. He's in there," he added, pointing to the forest. *Doddridge* held out a shining shilling, and said, "Lead me to him, will you? I would like to speak with him." The boy took the silver with a smile, and ran towards the woods, followed by *Doddridge*.

The *Massawachusett* tribe had generally been friendly to the whites, and those of them remaining at the latter part of the last century were for the most part harmless. So *Doddridge* feared little danger, and kept on after the boy without hesitation. Turning to the left the youth led him through the woods by a well-trodden path. The boughs were heavily laden with snow and ice, and in some places he was obliged to bend low over the horse's neck to avoid being lashed by them. After going a few rods the trail widened, making the passage less difficult. They began to ascend, and in the course of a few minutes reached a species of plateau on the southern side of the hill. Stopping to rest his horse, *Doddridge* looked about him. Before him, to his left, and behind him, was a dense forest of pine, oak, and hemlock.

lock. Casting his eyes to the right, however, a sight greeted him which filled him with admiration. At his right was a steep descent between the trees, broadening as it reached the base of the hill, and forming a ravine, which, with its projecting, moss-covered boulders, was evidently the forsaken bed of some mountain torrent that had torn its way to the waters of Lake *Hoosic Whisick*. Below him was the frozen lake separating the hill from the forest, which was broken here and there by open spaces filled in with little villages that showed signs of life and industry in strange contrast with their surroundings; near the forest was the meadow with its tiny stream flowing slowly toward the north to meet the river further on; and beyond all this the forest again, backed by the rolling hills along the south-western horizon.

Even now comparatively few see this landscape in winter, and a century and a quarter ago the ride was rarely undertaken. But on this day, although the snow was deep it had not so blocked the ways that a sure-footed horse, well guided, could not follow them.

As *Doddridge* looked around he thought that this was but a small part of that beautiful land upon which his forefathers had planted that tree which an unworthy King was hewing down with the sharp-edged tools of unjust legislation. His heart revolted at the thought, and his determination to dull one of these tools, and to make it useless in the hands of the destroyer, became stronger within him, and he motioned to the boy to hasten on.

They

They again passed under the snow-clad shade of the forest, and in a few moments found themselves in the centre of another flat space, which, unlike the first, was shut in and overshadowed by the trees. Before them was a low hut, built in a primitive manner of old timbers and boards, with here and there a hewn log. It was one of the results of the civilizing influence of the Europeans, and intended to be a copy of a white man's house. Under a shed were two shaggy horses; and two or three dark-faced, black-eyed little mortals were wading about in the snow, stopping a moment to stare, with a look of stolid indifference, at the stranger as he rode up. The Indian boy gave a peculiar call, and his father, the brother of *Jaquith's* Indian, appeared. He met *Doddridge* with a look far from reassuring, in which some curiosity was, however, apparent in spite of the sullen ugliness of his expression.

As he approached nearer, *Doddridge* dropped from the saddle, giving the bridle to the boy, and said, "A few nights ago a man stopped at the *White Cock* Tavern. He said that he was going to the *Great Blue Hill* to seek his brother. I have ridden here in search of that man. Do you know where I can find him?" "Maybe," answered the Indian, "but it will be some trouble, and perhaps you'll let me know what you want of him."

"I am a *Son of Liberty*," answered *Doddridge* boldly, "and I want him to help me punish the man who is causing our ruin. Find him for me, and you shall be well rewarded." The Indian looked at him with his piercing eyes, and answered, "And how's

how's he to know that you are not one of the King's spies? It is dangerous to trust anyone in these days. Give me some token to take to him, and then if I find him he may be willing to speak with you."

"Take him this," said *Doddridge*, handing him a little token of his order, "and tell him it's the son of Mr. *Amos Doddridge* who wants to speak to him."

"That's enough," the Indian replied, "and what may he expect if he consents to do your work?"

"Tell him I'll pay him well," said *Doddridge*, "and ask him to meet me at the *White Cock* Tavern to-morrow evening, at seven o'clock. If he gives the token to the keeper he'll be admitted."

So saying he jumped into the saddle, and descended the hill on his way home.

It was now after noon, and the sun would be low when he reached *Boston*. He had had nothing to sustain him since his departure, having avoided all the inns on his way, so he was glad to head towards home. He was uncertain what to expect from his excursion, but knowing that an Indian would do much when stimulated by promise of reward, he decided to go to the Tavern on the morrow, and trust to good fortune.

When he arrived at *Summer* Street, the sun was setting red in the west, and above and around it were those fluffy clouds, which in a *New England* winter foretell a storm. Looking out over the harbour he could see on the eastern horizon a long, low, grey bank, and he knew that the morrow would bring snow, and probably a north-east gale.

He

He rode into the stable, and having cared for his horse, went into the house to seek some refreshment. Then retiring to his room, he was soon asleep.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER IV. *How Mr. Doddridge and Mr. Jaquith joined their forces, and acquired an Ally.*

AS *Doddridge* had foreseen, the tempest broke forth in the night in all its fury. No land in the world has more severe north-east storms than *New England* in January, and this was one of the very worst. The trees snapped, chimneys toppled, and the shipping ready to sail hugged the harbour, better favoured than those vessels that were struggling up the bay in search of its shelter, many of which were destined to leave their broken ribs along the shore. The brig *Dreadnaught*, more fortunate than many, had come about before the gale struck, and gained the open sea again, where with head up to the wind she braved its fury. She had made a fair voyage until that night, and the master had thought a day or two before that he should pass up the Roads in due time. Still he reasoned that there might be an advantage in bad weather, as it would be necessary for him to avoid notice as much as possible. He therefore decided to take some risk, and in the afternoon, with the storm still raging, turned his brig's head toward shore, and set sail. Soon finding, however, that the danger was too great, he put about again, and sought the open sea.

The *Dreadnaught* had proved to many a privateer that she cared not for wind and weather, and could show them her stern. So her commander felt secure in facing the perils of the coast. She

now

now came from *Havana*, laden with merchandise consigned to *Ezra Jaquith*, of *Boston*, her cargo being ostensibly fruits and tobacco. But hidden away were a number of chests of tea, on which her owner expected to make a handsome profit, should he be able to land them safely and dispose of them secretly among those whose patriotism had as yet not caused them to deny themselves this luxury.

John Carpenter, the master, was a hard-looking man, who had commanded the brig since she was launched, and was to be relied upon as faithful to her owner, and as having a knowledge of her powers. *Jaquith*, therefore, had no fear either for his vessel or her freight, or lack of confidence in her captain. But when this storm broke over the bay he could not avoid a certain feeling of impatience, for he knew the brig must be very near, and he wished the business well over. He therefore hurriedly started on foot towards *Dorchester Point*. It was late in the afternoon when he reached the shanty in which the Indian sailor lived, and knocked at the door. After what seemed a long delay, an ugly, red-faced woman appeared and asked if he was seeking Master *Pete*, for if so he had been gone from the house for about an hour, and had left word that he should not return until late, and possibly not until the next day.

"And where's he gone?" inquired *Jaquith* irritably. "This isn't weather in which one goes a-pleasuring. Didn't you hear him say where he was going? I must see him at once."

The woman looked at him crossly. "I don't know where

where he's gone, and I mightn't tell you if I did. But," added she, "his brother was with him a long while, and I heard him say '*Blue Hill*, *White Cock* Tavern, and *Summer* Street.' It may be to one of those places that he's gone."

Jaquith made no answer, but went down the stairs and out of the house muttering, "It is probably to the tavern that they have gone, to spend some of my money. This is a fine time for them to be steeping themselves in rum, when the brig is near due. I'll go home and sup, and then to *Caleb White's* to find him."

Now with the chance of more gain, "*Ponkapog Pete*," the Indian sailor, had not delayed to take the token which his brother had brought him, and had started at an early hour in the afternoon for the tavern. As he was not due there until seven, he first ascended the Heights and looked out towards the sea, hoping that the brig might be in sight. But even his storm-hardened eyes could discern little through the blinding sleet, so descending again he started slowly towards the tavern, where he arrived just as the clock was striking seven.

When he entered the hall *White* was occupied as when we first met him. On catching sight of the Indian he at once recognized one of the visitors of a few nights before. "Are you the landlord?" asked the Indian.

"Yes," answered *White*. "In what way can I serve you? I've ale, and mulled wine, and hot spiced spirits will be soon ready. Which will you have?"

"I'll have a mug of hot spirits," answered *Pete*.

"Take

"Take this to its owner," added he, handing him the token.

As has been said, *Caleb White* was a patriot, but did not believe in foolish pranks and violence. It was then with some misgivings that he found this was the stranger whom *Doddridge* had told him to admit, for he feared that the young man would be involved in some unfortunate affair. Nevertheless he went to the door of the side-room, knocked and entered. As he re-opened the door a moment later, *Pete* heard him say, "Be careful, Mr. *Doddridge*."

When *White* had given him the token *Doddridge* had started in his chair. He had hoped that the man would be found, but really did not expect it. He therefore received the Indian with some excitement and much curiosity.

"You have sent for me," said *Pete*, "and I have come. What do you want of me? I know you, Mr. *Doddridge*, for I've sailed in your father's ships to the *West Indies*, and have often seen you. What can I do for you? My brother has only told me that I was overheard here the other night, and that your business may be like that of the young man who was with me then. If so, I'm at your service."

"I don't know what your young gentleman wants, nor who he is," *Doddridge* replied, "but if he desires to disturb *Thomas Hutchinson*, my wish is the same. Can't you tell me his business? I'm to be trusted to keep it secret."

"Perhaps so," answered the Indian, "but I don't know that I ought to tell what is given to my confidence."

"Go

"Go on," said *Charles*, "you may safely tell me."
"You are a Liberty man," began *Pete*, "so I'll speak. The young gentleman who was here with me a few evenings ago wants to get some stuff into the town without the knowledge of the officers. I used to sail for his father as well as yours, so he sent for me. We are to get the goods in by the *Neponset* River, but as all will be on the lookout we must get the authorities on another tack, and I have been thinking how to steer the business. You wish to annoy the Old Man, don't you? Can't we splice plans, and all hands heave together?"
"I hoped something of that nature was contemplated by you," answered *Doddridge*, "and that's why I've looked you up. Wouldn't it be easy to repeat the war-dance of two weeks ago before the Governor's house in *Milton*, but with real Indians? He is a coward, and has some protection about him, but if I can have the satisfaction of seeing some of his pretty friends frightened, and himself shaken up a bit, I shall be content for the present. For I wish to do all I can to drive him from the land he has betrayed, and by perseverance this can be accomplished."
"It can be done," said the other. "Our tribe often cruise from house to house, begging and dancing. I'll take bearings and set the course."
"Good," said *Doddridge*. "Here's the money I promised you. I will give you more after the entertainment. Hold a minute, I think I hear a friend's voice in the hall. If I'm right, I'll bring him here, for he is of my mind, and will do nothing

ing to prevent the carrying out of my plans. *Ezra*," he called through the open door, "come in here and have some wine with me. I have a friend here, and I've something to tell you."

"All right, *Charles!*" said *Jaquith*, but as he entered the room he stopped suddenly and looked at *Doddridge's* companion. The latter also started. After standing silent for half a moment, *Jaquith* said, "I came here to find you, *Pete*, but this is strange. I didn't know that you knew Mr. *Doddridge*."

"I've known him since he was a boy," answered *Pete*, "and have served his father as I have yours, and will serve him also, if I can. But I didn't know that you were his friend. Now as we're all friends, I'll tell you that knowing that Mr. *Doddridge* could help us, I consulted him, and we have agreed to pull together. I'll go now. I can find you here later."

"Wait," said *Jaquith*, "I have sought you here to know your opinion about the arrival of the brig. Do you think she'll venture in, in this weather?"

"No," answered the Indian, "she will not be off the Roads until forty-eight hours after the storm holds up." And with an awkward bow he withdrew.

When left alone the two men stared at one another with a look of surprised amusement, and each waited for the other to speak. Finally *Jaquith* broke the silence, saying:

"It is evident that this fellow has told you my affairs. I have no objection, and am convinced that

that he has good reasons for doing so, for he is shrewd and has a good opinion of the value of his head. But tell me how you happened to be here together. Since you know my business, won't you let me know yours?"

"Willingly," said *Doddridge*, and told him the story.

"Why," said *Ezra*, as *Charles* had finished, "you found that old rascal, *Pete's* brother. He would agree to murder a man for a trifle, and he undoubtedly took pains to communicate with *Pete* at once. He's about as bad, and has done some irregular things for which he would pay dearly were they known. But I have some of his secrets from my father, and he'll be perfectly docile in my hands."

In a short time the new allies started off arm in arm. The gale had somewhat subsided, though the sign-boards were still swinging vigorously. *Jaquith*, noticing the change in the weather, said with excitement, "The brig will be here within two or three days. We must get all in readiness, and Master *Pete* will no doubt hasten matters for his own sake, for he will be well furnished with funds if he succeeds." By this time they had passed the *Liberty Tree* and turned into *Essex* Street. Taking a short cut across *John Rowe's* fields and pastures, they reached Mrs. *Doddridge's*. Accepting with alacrity *Charles's* invitation to visit his mother and sister, *Jaquith* entered the house, and was soon absorbed in conversation with *Dorothy*, forgetting for the time his various schemes and plans in the charm of her society.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER V. *Wherein the ſuſpicions of ſeveral Perſons are arouſed.*

ON the fourth day succeeding the events just related, a horseman might have been seen on a high promontory overhanging *Nantasket Roads*, anxiously looking down the Bay. He had in his hand a marine glass with which from time to time he swept the horizon. It was early afternoon. The sky was clear, the weather warm and a gentle south-west breeze blew from the land over the water. The recently storm-bound craft beat down the harbour and then stood out to sea.

The view was beautiful. Before him lay the wide expanse of *Massachusetts Bay*, showing the effects of the lashing it had received from the recent gale; to his left stretched the long white beach, and on the right was the rock-bound shore against which the heavy waters fell with a roar to be carried back in prismatic spray with the next incoming breaker. The horseman took little note of this, but fixed his gaze upon the south-east,where now and then the top-sails of some incoming vessel appeared rising higher and whiter until its whole form was visible.

He muttered impatiently from time to time, and at last said, "I wish she'd hail in sight. This is a nasty business and I want it done with. The river is open now, but it will be cold again after this mild weather, and if it freezes our job is ended."

He had been there for over two hours, and as the sun was now sinking rapidly in the west, he was

 beginning

beginning to despair when suddenly he started in his saddle. To the casual observer this surprise would have seemed unwarranted, for nothing appeared to the naked eye but one of those white specks, the like of which had shown itself frequently during the day. But to the Indian sailor, for it was he, this white speck meant much, for he had recognized through his glass the top spars and sails of the *Dreadnaught*. He waited a few moments to assure himself that there was no mistake; and then turning his horse's head toward *Milton*, he descended the rocky cliff, and started off at a gallop.

Charles Doddridge and *Ezra Jaquith* had spent most of the last few days in the little room at the *White Cock* Tavern, hoping that *Pete* might appear at any moment with the news they were both anxiously awaiting. They were therefore in a very nervous state by the evening of January the sixth, and *Jaquith* said, excitedly, "We ought to have news of the brig to-night, and I begin to fear she will not be heard from. My God! If this thing fails I am ruined, for I have put all into the enterprise."

"Don't be disheartened," said *Charles*, "she may have put out to sea, and the captain, knowing the difficulties he would have to encounter, may have decided to keep out of sight until the harbour is clear of the shipping delayed by the storm. At all events we can only wait."

It was about nine o'clock when *Jaquith's* quick ear caught the sound of a horse's gallop upon the snowy road, coming from the direction of *Milton*, and



Mr. Charles Doddridge

and soon after they both heard it go into the stable.

"That is certainly he," said *Jaquith.* "We shall soon know the brig's fate now."

Presently there was a rap on the door, and *Pete* came in. He was a weary looking man, and was covered with snow and ice. When he entered the room he threw himself into a chair, and exclaimed, "Give me some hot spirits, and then for the news." This request being speedily granted, he said, "She's in the bay, but she'll not come to anchor to-night. The captain will stand off shore again, now that he knows he has been seen, and wait until to-morrow night. I will sup here, and take some rest, and will start for the hills before daybreak, where they are waiting for my orders. You rest and be here early to-morrow. I will let you know when we are ready. Good-night, Mr. *Jaquith;* good-night, Mr. *Doddridge.* I must be off."

As *Charles* and *Ezra* passed through the hall on their way out *Caleb White* said to them, "Is all going well? I trust, Sir, that you will succeed, for it is but right. Had I recognized you under your thick wraps the first night you came here with your friend, I should have known that your intentions were patriotic. But I feared from what I heard that something foolish was on hand, and I warned Mr. *Doddridge.* You'll forgive me, Master *Charles*, won't you? But now I find it is a matter of business, I beg that you'll make use of my inn to its fullest extent. It will always be open to you."

"I

"I thank you," answered *Doddridge*, with a feeling of shame at having deceived his old friend, "we will avail ourselves of your offer. Give the Indian what he desires, and see that his horse is well cared for, for he has travelled far, and will have a hard day to-morrow."

"I'll cheerfully do what you ask," answered *White*, as they left him.

An hour later *Pete* had supped and was sleeping quietly in a little room under the gabled roof. The last guests were gone, and the landlord was counting his day's gains, when a sleigh drove up to the door, and there came a loud rap on the brass knocker. He was surprised, for late hours were not the custom of his inn, yet he did not hesitate to open. As he did so a tall, broad-shouldered, military-looking man stepped into the hall. He was followed by two others.

"Is this the *White Cock* Tavern, and are you the keeper?" asked the tall man, walking across the hall, while his two companions remained standing by the door.

"At your service," answered *White*, "but why do you ask in this abrupt manner? I thought every one knew the *White Cock*, and that all were well served here. What may I do for you?"

"Allow us to search your house," replied the other. "Your tavern is suspected of being the resort of those who are infringing the laws, and I am armed with a warrant, which will oblige me to take a look at your premises. For who knows but something contraband may be stored here. It has been so suggested."

Caleb

Caleb White was not a coward, and he knew the search would reveal nothing, for he had nothing to hide. But he also knew that he had under his roof one whom it was best they should not find there, so he hesitated before answering, thus making a bad impression on the officers.

"Why do you say nothing?" asked the latter; "have we guessed right?"

"No," answered *White* calmly, "I hesitated because I knew that no answer of mine would deter you in your business. We have become accustomed to submit in silence to the laws of our good King *George*. But you are chilled, gentlemen, and some hot wine will warm you. I will go down and bring some of my best and brew it for you."

He was civil in his manner, and started through the door in the rear of the hall without waiting for an answer. Instead, however, of descending to the cellar, he mounted rapidly the steep stairway. When he had reached the top he turned through a narrow passage at the end of which was a door on which he tapped lightly. At first there was no answer, but after a second knock a voice said, "Who's there? What's wanted?"

"The officers are here with a search warrant. Make haste, and when you leave your room go towards the light I will leave at the end of the passage; then down the stairs, and by the rear door to the stable, where you can saddle your horse and be off. They don't suspect that you are here, but be cautious."

He then went hurriedly to the cellar and fetched the wine. When he returned to the hall he found that

that the three men had not waited for further invitation, but were engaged in examining the room and its contents. *White* fully realized the folly of resistance, so smiled pleasantly and began brewing the spiced wine.

Pete was not a timid man under ordinary circumstances, and could fight his way clear of any two men. But in this case something besides his own personal safety depended upon his not being searched or questioned. A large amount of money was at stake, and in order to get this he must accomplish his task without unnecessary delay. So he jumped from his bed, stole through the passage, down the stairs and quietly out to the stable. He saddled and bridled his horse, and starting over the snow, crossed the fields towards *Boston*, in order to delude his pursuers should he have any. As he rode on, it became clear to him that some change would have to be made in his plans, and that if the tavern was under surveillance, it would not be safe to communicate with *Jaquith* and *Doddridge* there, unless this visit of the officers was merely a formal one, in which case it would be soon over, and there would be no danger on the next day. He did not dare to notify either of the young men at once, for it was not yet midnight, and his appearance might create suspicion. Accordingly he hitched his horse in an unfrequented place, and started cautiously back on foot towards the tavern. When he reached the house he crept round it stealthily until near the front door, and finding a shelter behind the trunk of one of the large elms, resolved to wait patiently

ly until the officers should come out of the house, and then endeavour to overhear such remarks as they might make upon the subject of their search. After over half an hour, the door opened and the men appeared, the leader remarking as they did so, "All is well, Mr. *White*, and I thank you for your hospitality. We have to do our duty."
The boy brought their sleigh from the coach-house, and getting into it they started off without another word. *Pete*, feeling reassured, returned for his horse, rode back to the stable, and entering the house went again to bed. He was convinced that there was no further cause for anxiety, and in the morning started for the *Blue Hills* to complete his arrangements.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER VI. *Wherein Captain Fairweather pays a Visit to His Excellency at Milton.*

IT was early when *Pete* left the tavern, and as he thought there would be few travellers on the road, he decided to go by the way of *Milton Lower Mills*, and the turnpike over *Milton Hill*, both to take a glance at the Governor's house and its surroundings, and to see if there was any sign of the brig, over the river and marshes in the direction of the Roads. He passed down the steep pitch from *Dorchester* by the powder-mill; on across the new wooden bridge supported by stone piers, which had been built nine years before; and then up over the Country Highway. When he reached the top of the hill the sun was rising over the islands, the waters reflecting the red morning light. He took one look at the Roads, and seeing nothing that interested him turned his head to the right towards the Governor's house.

Even at that early hour there were signs of life about the mansion and stables. He wondered if they would in any way interrupt his plans. But he did not wish to attract attention, so went on over the narrow road, turning about a mile further on towards the *Great Blue Hill.*

Although *Pete* was a shrewd man, he had overlooked the possibility of discovery when he made his temporary escape from the tavern. After the officers had driven away from the inn, the leader,

 turning

turning to the others, had said, "Did you notice that room which had been recently occupied, and which evidently had been left in a hurry? There is something suspicious about it. When we get where we can find horses, do you both jump into the saddle and return to the inn and watch. If anyone comes out before morning follow him at a safe distance, *Trenchard;* and do you, Captain *Fairweather*, ride on to the Governor's and tell him what we have learnt."

So it came about that there were three horsemen following the road to *Milton* in the early morning of January the seventh, 1774. Two went on towards the *Great Blue Hill.* The third, after climbing *Milton Hill*, turned into a road to the right, and reaching the Governor's coach-house, dismounted and gave his horse to a groom, telling him that when convenient he would speak with His Excellency.

While waiting for his summons to the Governor, Captain *Fairweather* spent the time in looking about him. He was fatigued after the night's experiences. The fresh country air did him good, and he was glad to stretch his legs and enjoy the quiet, for since his arrival in *Boston* he had had little but hard work and excitement. So he gazed about him with satisfaction.

He saw a low, rather long house, of one and a half stories, with two small wings, and a hip-roof from which rose three large chimneys, and out of which peeped gabled windows. The front, or eastern side, had a large panelled door, with brass latch and knocker, and was reached from the road by

by a swinging gate, gravel path, and short flight of steps. On each side of this path stretched the green lawn, bounded by shrubs, bushes, and young trees. On either side of the doorway were two long windows looking across the river and marshes towards the harbour. The appearance of the rear was similar, save that the entrance was by a smaller door, and the steps leading thereto were somewhat steeper. The house was clapboarded and painted white.*

The lawn and road in front of the house were lined with plane trees, the *platanus occidentalis*. Across the road were broad green fields spreading down towards the river, the blue line of which was seen at their foot from over the tops of the shrubs and trees, going southward until directly opposite the house, then flowing to the east through the yellow-green marshes, until at last sweeping round the rising hummocks like a blue scimitar, it rolled on unruffled to mingle with the salt waters of the harbour. Beyond all this, one could see the spires of *Boston*, *Dorchester* and *Roxbury*, as well as *Dorchester Heights* and the Castle with its troops and its prisoners; the harbour with its shipping and great men-of-war; and the islands; until, looking over *Squantum* (where *Chickatawbut* saw the glories of his race die with him,) *Nantasket Roads* stretched its deep blue way towards *Massachusetts Bay* and the great *Atlantic*. Above all this was

* *Anyone passing over* Milton Hill *before* 1828 *could have seen this mansion much as it was when built in* 1743. *But from that time until its demolition in* 1871 *many changes were made in it.*

was the pure *New England* sky, rivalled but not surpassed by that canopy of the *Roman* gods, whose beauty has been sung so long. To the south of the mansion were green fields again, and the orchard with its apples, peaches and mulberries; in the rear, the garden with its flowers, shrubs and trees; and beyond, the *Great Blue Hill*, a sapphire set in emeralds.

A long, low structure with pitched roof and gable ends stood to the north just across the narrow road, into which Captain *Fairweather* had turned on parting with Lieutenant *Trenchard*. In its east end were the coach-house and stables, beyond, the quarters for cattle and swine, and haylofts above. To the west of this was the farm-house, and outlying buildings.

Captain *Fairweather* stood looking at the river when the Governor's colored servant, *Mark*, approached him and said that His Excellency was waiting to receive him. Passing over the front lawn, up the steps, and through the large doorway, *Mark* led him into a hall, which had doors opening into the adjoining rooms and a passage leading to the garden steps. Upon the floor was spread a rich floor-cloth, in the centre of which stood a handsomely carved mahogany table, and at either end of the hall an inlaid, folding card-table. On either side the entrance to the passage-way was a mahogany sofa, with claw-feet, covered with haircloth, and scattered about the room were chairs of a similar pattern. Above each of the sofas hung a portrait, one of which was of Mr. *Hutchinson* when a youth. The other spaces upon the walls were

were filled with engravings, paintings, and a large gilt-framed mirror. At the windows hung heavy, crimson damask draperies, which accorded with the general colouring of the furnishings. The whole effect was that of luxury and comfort, combined with much simplicity and good taste. The Captain caught a glimpse of the south parlour, a smaller room, yet of comfortable dimensions. Upon the floor was a thick Turkey carpet of rich fabric and soft hues; against the wall stood an oaken bookcase; and there also were haircloth chairs, and a small inlaid stand. On the walls hung pictures, and at the windows, one looking east, the other south, curtains of Turkish manufacture; and over the wide fireplace, with its brass andirons, was a circular, convex mirror in an ornamented frame of French design, on either side of which was a bronze figure, one of *Milton*, the other of *Shakespeare*. Facing the parlour, at the northern side of the hall, was a small room, which at this time was used by the Governor as a study. In it was his walnut desk, open and covered with papers and documents, indicating his persevering industry.

In 1740 *Thomas Hutchinson* had purchased a large tract of land in *Milton*, overlooking the *Neponset* River, and extending over the larger part of *Milton Hill*. In the same year he went to *England* on public business connected with the currency, and while there visited many large estates, and was delighted with their architecture and landscape gardening. When he returned to *New England*, he brought designs for a garden and orchard,

chard, and in 1743 built on the brow of the hill. The house stood about a quarter of a mile from the wooden bridge crossing the *Neponset* River, set well back from the *Braintree* Road. The frame was of *English* white oak, so solid that what remains of it to-day scarcely feels the sharp edge of the carpenters' tools. The plan was a simple one, but the unrivalled scenery of hill, river and ocean lent it a special charm. The walls were fully a foot thick, and packed with seaweed to keep off the cold in winter, and the heat in summer. Besides the rooms already mentioned there were in the main part of the house the dining and State rooms. The former was to the south of the passage leading to the garden, and was panelled in oak and richly furnished. Next the fireplace was a short corridor to the parlour, and in the south-east corner another leading to the south wing, where were two bed-rooms, one of which was occupied by Miss *Hutchinson*. The State room was opposite the dining room, and was panelled in rich mahogany. Many things had been brought from the *Boston* house after it was sacked, and this room was largely furnished with them. Beyond it was the north wing, in which were the Governor's bed-room and other apartments. The kitchens and offices were in the basement, reached by a steep and narrow flight of stairs. In the attic was one bed-room running the depth of the house, the remainder being divided into eaves and storerooms. Such was the *Hutchinson* house in 1774. For thirty years it had been the summer home of its owner, and he loved its quiet and peace.

peace. But now he felt like a prisoner there, and his heart was heavy.

A short time before the Captain entered the hall, His Excellency *Thomas Hutchinson* stood looking out of one of the windows. He was a tall, thin man of sixty-three years of age. His bearing was that of the well-bred gentleman of the eighteenth century, and his deep-set, rather small blue eyes were soft and kindly, yet had an expression of extreme sadness in them. His features were angular, the nose long and straight, and the mouth drawn, as if with care. And yet it was a handsome face, gentle or firm as his feeling directed. As he looked out towards the harbour it was sad and tender, for his heart told him that those scenes must soon give place to others less welcome. He held a letter. A messenger had brought it to him on the preceding day, and he was re-reading it. It was written in a woman's hand, and ran thus:

His Excellency Thomas Hutchinson, *Eſq'r:*

Sir:

Your Excellency is in danger, and ſhould watch carefully. I am one of thoſe whoſe Friends have ſorely ſuffered by what they tell me is the Injuſtice of the King, our Maſter, yet I hardly believe this, for my Father taught me to honour the Government under which we live, and to bow to its Commands. There are thoſe who are planning Miſchief to your Excellency becauſe they blame you for all their Miſfortunes, and they would do in Milton *what they did nine years ago in* Boſton. *Further I know nothing, ſave that I am*

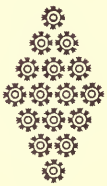
Your loyal Servant.

The letter was unsigned, and the messenger had left before he could be questioned, and was unknown by

by those to whom the letter had been delivered. *Thomas Hutchinson* knew that the storm was gathering thicker and thicker, but could not in his heart believe that he would be molested in his quiet home. He asked himself what he had done that all should turn against him; if his actions had not been dictated by a sense of duty; and if he had not always had the welfare of his countrymen uppermost in his heart. A feeling of bitterness came over him, and for a moment his face hardened, but again relaxed into an expression of sadness and pity. Sadness for himself and his; pity for these misguided people.

His thoughts passed rapidly over the events of the last ten years, from that time when they had attacked him in his house in *Boston*, and stripped it of everything it contained. He did not find one act in his long public career for which he could reproach himself, and he knew with a sincere conviction that but two things had guided him: his loyalty to his oath, and his love for his countrymen. He felt as keenly as any of them that they had been hardly dealt with at times, and in every case he had done his utmost for them. But when called upon to maintain the laws he could not assist those who openly defied them. He recalled his early days, when he had put his best energies into opposition to the Stamp Act; when, as Speaker of the *House of Representatives*, he had done so much to have the Colony reimbursed for expenses incurred in the *French War;* when with every thought and action he had opposed tyranny and aided justice. Finally his thoughts changed and

and he looked about him. His face lighted up with a loving smile, for he felt sure that he was secure in the hearts of his neighbours; that their love for him and their gratitude would be a monument which none could pull down.



CHAPTER

CHAPTER VII. *In which we are introduced to the Governor's Garden.*

GOVERNOR *HUTCHINSON* turned from the window as *Mark* entered and announced Captain *Fairweather*. He saw before him a fine-looking young man who made a respectful salute, which was returned with a gracious smile and a "Good morning."

"I understand," said the Governor, "that you bring me a message from the Castle. Pray give it to me, and I trust it will be welcome, although I fear not, for we look for little cheerful news in these days."

"I am here," answered the Captain, "by the orders of the Colonel, to inform your Excellency that there is a conspiracy to attack you in your house. The particulars have not been ascertained yet. It is only known that a messenger came to the Castle yesterday afternoon and begged to speak with the Colonel. He told him that it would be well to watch the *White Cock* Tavern for a few days, for there were persons there who intended to do the Governor an injury."

"And has this been done?" inquired the Governor with some curiosity.

"Yes, Sir. Last night the Colonel, with another officer and myself, drove to the tavern and made a search. We went through it looking for contraband, but with eyes open for suspicious persons."

"I

"I trust you found the guilty ones," interrupted the Governor with warmth.

"No, your Excellency, but we are on their track. There were no guests in the house, but we noticed that in one room the bed had been but recently occupied, and we suspected that someone had left it suddenly. After we had left the tavern the Colonel ordered us to get horses and ride back and wait in the shadow outside until the first person should come out. Shortly before sunrise a man muffled in furs walked boldly out and went to the stable. He soon reappeared mounted on a black horse, and took the road over the *Neck*, and we followed him at a safe distance. My companion had orders to keep him in sight, and is doing so, while I have come to inform your Excellency, and to receive your orders."

"I thank you, Captain *Fairweather*, for your timely warning. But do you think these good people have sinister intentions? Are they so black-hearted as to attempt to violate the laws to such an extent as this? What is their disposition towards His Majesty's troops of late? Are they still sullen and threatening? I would not harm them, yet if they forget that they are subjects of the King they must be dealt with firmly."

"They are in a nasty mood," answered *Fairweather*, "and abuse us as we pass though the streets. Yet I hardly think they will dare do anything openly. What we fear are secret acts of violence, and it would please our Colonel to give your Excellency protection for a few days, if you are willing."

The

The Governor held up his hand deprecatingly, and with a look of resolution, answered, "No! No! I don't need a garrison in my house. If they come here, I will speak to them. I have not abandoned the hope that they will listen to argument, for they have been wont to do so in the past, and are at least a kindly people. No, Captain *Fairweather*, tell your Colonel, with my thanks for his solicitude, that I will take what the good God sends me."

"It shall be as your Excellency desires," answered the Captain, with disappointment, "but I wish you felt differently."

"I am decided," the Governor replied, "but you must be faint and weary, Captain. Breakfast with me, and remain here a few hours. Come, and I will show you the view from the back of my house, and tell you about my garden, which is sleeping now under its soft coverlet. Were it summer I would take you into it, but I never tire of talking of it, so listen to me patiently." He led the way through the passage, and opening the door looked out upon the pride of his heart.

"Captain *Fairweather*," began the Governor, "for more than thirty years I have nursed this garden as a child, and have seen it grow to manhood. I have watched its every step since the ground was first broken, and have never ceased working in it myself, even under the warm sun of summer. I have planted seeds, roots, shrubs and trees; I have sown the grass on the pleached alleys which you see from the foot of those steps, and which run in parallel lines to the ha-ha fence below.

Directly

Directly in front of you is the middle walk. You can see the fields beyond dipping towards the turnpike. The arbour here, over the gravel path, I built for my grape vines. Haven't they grown? They are five-and-twenty years old, and the stalks are large and strong. Down there is a cross path half way from the ha-ha. Along all the paths I have planted flowers and shrubs and hedges of box. These terraced parterres next to the house give a pleasant foreground in the summer, and as you see, the whole is most lovely with the rolling hills behind it. Perhaps you may be here when it is all green, and you will not wonder that I love it."

"It reminds me of home," said the Captain, "where did you get the plan?"

"When I was in England in '41," replied the Governor, "I went into *Norfolk* to visit a friend. I stayed with him several weeks, and spent much of the time in his garden, and I asked him if I might copy it. He willingly granted my request, and this is the result. I have lived to see it thrive and should be satisfied."

After breakfast the Governor retired to his study. Before calling his secretary he showed the Captain a closet, in which were kept guns and other weapons. "This will interest you more than flowers and trees," he said, "but I am a man of peace, and prefer the garden."

Returning to the hall two hours later the Governor found his guest looking out of the window. "Is this not a charming landscape?" he said to him. "Do you wonder that we love New England

land when we have such a view to look upon? It is a beautiful land, and I would to God that its people were not poisoned with disloyalty. But they will come back! they will come back!"

"It is indeed fine," the Captain answered, "and I trust your Excellency will enjoy it for many years yet. Pardon me, Sir, for urging it again, but we are desirous of giving you such protection as is due your rank as representative of His Majesty."

"No more of this," said the Governor, with firmness, "I appreciate the kindly motives of your Colonel, but we are not in a state of war, and although we must punish those who break the laws, we cannot anticipate their acts. We must take precautions, and watch them closely, but it is not well that they should think we fear them. Tell the Colonel to see that suspicious persons are kept in view, and their movements watched, but let no demonstration of force be made until their intentions are ascertained. Then it will be time enough for action. In the meanwhile I have faith that no harm will come to me or mine."

"I will take your Excellency's commands," answered *Fairweather*, "and they shall be strictly obeyed."

"Thanks," said the Governor, and handing him a cloth bag filled with papers, he added, "Will you kindly see that these dispatches reach their destination. There is a letter for my son among them. How fares he at the Castle? I miss him, but I know he is safer where he is. My duty keeps me here, and I must wait until this excitement blows over."

"He

"He and his have every comfort the Colonel can give them in so cold a place," replied the Captain. "I am grateful for it," said the Governor, "but now you'd better go, as they will be expecting you."

After thanking him for his kind reception, Captain *Fairweather* took leave, and started for *Boston*.

When left to himself, Mr. *Hutchinson's* expression changed again. His face grew sad, and he paced up and down the room, went to the window, and then through the hall to the rear door and looked upon the garden covered with snow. As he did so he sighed and said to himself, as if speaking to a friend, "Ah! well, if I must leave you for a time, it will be but to return to see you fresh and gay in your coat of green and bright colours. They will not touch you, for you have done them no injury. Poor people! God grant them a change of mind and a better heart. It is but a passing tempest, and the clearing will be all the brighter." Returning to his study, he was soon busy with the details of pressing business, and for a time his mind was relieved of its unhappy forebodings.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER VIII. *In which Mr. Trenchard sees some Romantic Scenery, which he has no Desire to revisit.*

THE INDIAN sailor, known at sea as "*Ponkapog Pete*," rode quietly over the turnpike, on his way to the *Great Blue Hill*, unconscious of what was going on at the Governor's mansion, and that he was being followed by one of the King's officers. Had he known all this, his mind would have been in a much more perturbed state, and his horse would have moved more swiftly over the snow. The recent storm had made the roads heavy, and in places the drifts were deep. Few had travelled that way of late, and the traces where *Pete's* horse had ploughed through the snow were easily distinguished, so that Lieutenant *Trenchard* could keep safely in the rear without danger of losing his quarry.

When he had gone about four miles beyond the place where he had separated from *Fairweather*, he noticed that the tracks left the narrow, winding road, and entered a rough path through brush, scrub oaks and cedars, and after crossing a brook, again penetrated the brush. A little further on it began to twist and ascend, and although *Trenchard* was a brave man, he wondered if he might not fall into a trap, and the idea of a smuggler's camp came into his head. But he kept on, for he was a true soldier, and had orders to find out where the man went. There was little danger of his being heard on the soft snow, and he was not

 likely

likely to be seen, but he took good care, nevertheless, to free his pistols and disengage his sword from under his cloak. He had advanced a while in this way when he reined in his horse to look out at the view before him, and he acknowledged to himself that it was exceedingly beautiful, although he was loath to praise anything in the country he considered a wilderness peopled only by rioters and savages. He was evidently at a great height, for he could see the farms and towns of *Milton* and *Dorchester*, and the spires of *Boston*. He thought he could distinguish the Castle rising out of the harbour, and the sight of it and the blue line of the water gave him a feeling of longing, for there was all that was congenial to him on this side of the *Atlantic*.

The Lieutenant was an Englishman, stationed in *Boston* but a few months, and knew little of the surrounding country. He was well aware, however, that he was going in the direction of the *Blue Hills*, for he had often seen them at a distance, but he had not noticed, until he now saw the broad landscape before him, that he was actually ascending them. The path now widened, becoming more level, and finally began to descend. He was discouraged when, looking before him, he saw the edge of a deep ravine, through which there seemed to be no passage for a horse. In the bottom of the hollow was a tiny brook rushing down through the ice; and raising his eyes he drew rein, for on the other side, just entering the forest, was his horseman. Fortunately for *Trenchard*, the Indian did not turn his head, and in another

another moment was out of sight. The Lieutenant was now at a loss what to do, so dismounting, he crept cautiously to the edge of the gully and looked down. The wind had laid the rocks bare of snow, so that it was difficult to see hoof-prints, but he was sure that the rider could have gone in no other way, so he decided to make the venture. Returning to his horse, he jumped to the saddle, and was soon safely across and on the trail again. The path had now been rising for some little time when he thought he heard the sound of voices ahead. His hand sought his pistols, and reining in his horse he listened. There was no mistake; so dropping to the ground, he stole into the wood and hitched the animal by the bridle. He then crept carefully through the underbrush in the direction of the voices. In a few minutes he was stopped by a sight which made him hold his breath. Before him, at some distance, was his horseman, still in the saddle, but not alone. Gathered about him in an open space under the trees were about twenty savage-faced, dark-eyed beings, clad in every kind of garment, listening to him attentively, and occasionally saying something as if in answer to a question. *Trenchard* could not hear what they said, and it might have availed him little if he had, but he could understand from their bearing that there was something on foot which boded no good.

He had watched in this way a few moments when the horseman suddenly turned back over the road by which he had come, and the others started up the hill through the forest. This was an unexpected

pected move. The Lieutenant was not afraid to meet the man alone, but the others might come to their companion's assistance at any moment, which would be dangerous for him; so he remained quietly hidden in the brush. The horseman passed without seeing him and reached the place where *Trenchard* had dismounted. There he stopped, and looked anxiously about him. He noticed the tracks of another rider, and his suspicions, ever on the alert, were awakened. He tarried but a moment, however, and then continued down the path towards the ravine.

Trenchard waited a little while, then returned to his horse, remounted and followed. He had just reached the bed of the little stream, when he was startled by a sharp report, and a bullet hissed by him, flattening itself against one of the great boulders beyond. With a dash his frightened horse bolted down the ravine. At first the Lieutenant thought he was lost, but being a good rider he kept his seat. The sure-footed creature held to the bed of the stream, until with a final plunge over a sheer descent of fully five feet, he stopped in a drift of snow at the bottom of the hill.

Dismounting to examine the still trembling animal, *Trenchard* drew a long breath, and leaned against the trunk of a tree. He had had some experience of danger, but had never been so near death before, and was thankful for his escape. But this was not the end of his troubles. Looking about him he saw nothing but a pathless forest. There was nothing for him to do but to keep

to

to the bed of the brook, trusting that it would lead to some open place whence he could find the road, or at least be able to cross the fields in the direction of the town.

In the course of time he found himself in a pasture near a rolling hill. This he climbed, and to his satisfaction saw before him a road leading in the direction of *Boston*. In another hour he recognized the wooden bridge over which he had passed in the morning, and before the sun had set was at the Castle with his report to the Colonel.

Colonel *Leslie* was uncertain what to do. He had, a short time before the Lieutenant arrived, received the message from the Governor, brought in by Captain *Fairweather*, declining the protection of the troops. It was evident, however, from *Trenchard's* account, that something was brewing which meant mischief, and he decided to have the *White Cock* Tavern watched. Not wishing to detail a body of men to *Milton* after the Governor's distinct orders to the contrary, he consulted the latter's son, *Thomas*. This young man was one of the unfortunate consignees of the tea which had caused so much trouble, and had been forced to take up his residence at the Castle for reasons of personal safety. He differed from his father in that he did not feel the same sympathy with *New England* and its people. He was fond of the *Milton* place, and a devoted son and brother, but often said that he did not care if he never saw *Boston* or its rabble again.

He advised the Colonel to keep a careful watch, and decided to steal up the river after dark, and remain

remain a few days with his father and sister. He asked Captain *Fairweather* and Lieutenant *Trenchard* to accompany him, and they arranged with four troopers to take them across the harbour to the mouth of the river in one of the man-of-war's gigs. They could then go quietly on to the bank at the foot of the field opposite the Governor's house, leaving the troopers to return with the boat.



CHAPTER

CHAPTER IX. *Wherein two Ladies expreſs oppoſite Opinions.*

IT was apparent to *Caleb White* that the plans of *Jaquith* and *Doddridge* were suspected by the authorities; that the visit of the evening before was undoubtedly connected with them; that in consequence the tavern would be closely watched; and that therefore it would be unsafe for them to keep their appointment there. Accordingly he arose early, and having given a few instructions to his servants, started out to seek the young men.

Jaquith was surprised at the visit, and on learning its cause was much annoyed. He rushed to see *Doddridge*, who, although he took the matter more quietly, was disturbed, and said that something must be done to put the officers off the track, so that they could proceed, as there was now no turning back.

"They only think that something is going on," he said, "for they are always suspicious. But it is impossible that they should know our business. *White* told you that the officers left the tavern satisfied that there was nothing there, and *Pete* has escaped safely. To be sure," he continued, "we cannot receive his message at the tavern, but we can go up the river and watch proceedings from there. *Pete* should be there at about eleven o'clock, so we will dine together, and after resting a little, procure a boat at the Point, and go quietly on our way."

"That is no doubt the best we can do," answered

Ezra. "Yet I feel anxious, for if there is a suspicion that there is anything to take place near the Governor's estate, our plans will fail."

"None but Liberty men know our intentions," said *Charles*, "except the *Indian*, who has too much at stake to betray us. So it is impossible that they should be known to the Governor or his friends."

Later in the day, *Charles* and *Ezra* dined with Mrs. *Doddridge* and *Dorothy*.

"*David Whittemore* was here yesterday," said the former, "and a fine young man he is. He stayed but a short time, for he had pressing business and rode away in great haste. He thinks our troubles near an end, and seems confident that all we need is patience. But in this I do not agree with him, for we have borne enough already, and we should now strike for our full liberties. Don't you agree with me, *Ezra?*"

"I do indeed think as you do, Mrs. *Doddridge*," answered he, "and I'm impatient to strike a heavy blow. *David* is a strange fellow, and seems to lack spirit."

"I know you are a true patriot," said Mrs. *Doddridge*, with a smile of satisfaction. "If all were like you and my boy we should soon be free, and rid of *Thomas Hutchinson*."

"We will soon be rid of him, mother dear," said *Charles*, with a significant look towards *Jaquith*. "*Ezra* and I have business to-night connected with this matter, which you will hear of later. But rest assured that you will be well pleased with what we do."

"I

"I have no doubt of that, *Charles*," said his mother, "and good fortune attend all your works." Two hours later *Charles* and *Ezra* left the house to secure a boat for the evening, from a man they knew at *Dorchester Point.*

As soon as they had departed *Dorothy* went to her room, and going to the window watched them until they disappeared. Tears were on her long black lashes, and her cheeks, ordinarily so rosy, were pale, and her face wore a distressed expression. She dropped into a chair, and then turning looked about her room. As she did so she caught sight of a portrait hanging on the wall opposite where she sat. It was that of a man of about forty years of age, wearing the dress of a Colonel of the *English* Army in the seventeenth century, and it came across her that this Colonel *Doddridge*, her father's ancestor, had fought and died for the King. And then she turned to another, smaller picture, that of a young man, her mother's ancestor, who, under *Cromwell*, had fallen in battling for the *Commonwealth* and the freedom of the people. She asked herself if it was possible that these two men had bequeathed to their descendants different views of loyalty and patriotism, one to her father, the other to her mother. Those strong faces seemed to show that their characteristics could not die with them. "God forgive me if I am wrong," she said. "Oh! *Charles*, *Charles*, forgive your sister, who wishes you nothing but good, and loves you with all her heart. She only wishes to do her duty to her King, and to the blessed memory of her father, who taught her to honour

honour him." Then making a strong effort to control herself, she said, "This will not do. I must be calm."

"*Dorothy*, dear," said her mother, as she entered the room a short time after this, "are you not proud of your brother? Does it not make you feel that our freedom is sure to come when we have such as he and *Ezra* to fight our battles? Would that I were a man, that I might join them!"

Dorothy hesitated before replying. She did not wish to deceive her mother, yet she dreaded offending her. At last she said quietly, "You have asked me this question before, mother dear, and I have answered you as well as I can. I love both you and *Charles*, and I would differ from you in nothing were it possible not to do so. But I remember what my father told me when I was a little girl. He said that we were subjects of the King of *England*, and that so long as we remained such, we must accept what it was his will to give us. He told me that we owed much to our mother country, and should be willing to sacrifice something in her behalf, even though it was hard to do so. And he told me that though he had suffered from laws which did harm to the business of the province, he still loved his King, and would abide by what he ordered. I cannot, therefore, believe that it is right to rebel against the government, nor can I agree with you and my brother."

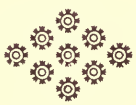
"You are causing us both great grief," her mother replied, with warmth, "but you are young, and do not understand. You will learn better before long, so I will let it pass."

"Do

"Do you truly believe, mother dear," asked *Dorothy*, looking at her fearlessly with her large black eyes, "do you truly believe that Governor *Hutchinson* is a bad man, and is doing wrong? He was my father's friend, and was always honoured by him."

"He *was* your father's friend, as you say, *Dorothy*," answered her mother. "He *was* the friend of us all, so long as it was to his advantage to be so. But now he has changed. When our liberties are attacked, he refuses to defend them because by so doing he would lose his post, and with it his chance of wealth and preferment. He is a traitor, *Dorothy*, a turn-coat and a traitor, and he must be made to leave the country, or we shall never have redress."

Dorothy made no answer, but going up to her mother, kissed her and left the room. She felt that her mother had suffered much, and she was sorry for her, but thought both she and *Charles* were wrong. That they would change their views she was sure, and she had resolved to be firm in her position until that time came. So she said nothing more, and going to her room, prayed quietly that her brother might come to no harm in his wicked undertaking.



CHAPTER

CHAPTER X. *In which is ſhown the Difference between Attempt and Succeſs.*

IF anyone could have seen at a glance all that was going on at the same time between the *Blue Hills* and *Milton*, up the *Neponset* River from the Castle, and in *Nantasket Roads*, on that dark night in January, he would have found much to surprise and interest him. Four different parties were on their way to the same point.

Shortly after sunset a large boat, with muffled oars, stole out from the Castle and headed for the mouth of the *Neponset*. In its stern sheets were seated three young men, and it was rowed by four others.

"It is a dark night," said young *Hutchinson*, "and could not be better for our trip. The air refreshes me."

"Had you taken the ride I did to-day," answered Lieutenant *Trenchard* with a laugh, "you would certainly appreciate this rest. The stream I followed was somewhat rougher, and my seat harder. God forbid that I should ever be called upon to visit your beautiful *Blue Hills* again. My nature is too unromantic to enjoy them, and I prefer the Castle."

"They are certainly beautiful to look upon," *Thomas* replied.

"Better to look upon than to ride upon," answered *Trenchard*, "and that is why I prefer the Castle. I am willing to look upon them so long

as

as it is at a respectful distance. Do you know that I believe those men I saw were *Indians?* I thought that they were extinct in these parts."

"And so they practically are," said *Thomas*, "but there is a small reservation near the *Blue Hills*, containing perhaps twenty or thirty, all told. They are an ignorant, indolent, thieving set, and will do anything for money. You may be sure that they are being bribed to do some mischief, and we must find their employers."

"They will be found," interposed Captain *Fairweather*. "The tavern is being carefully watched, and they cannot expect—Ah!" exclaimed he, breaking off suddenly, "what are those boats doing near the mouth of the river? I cannot see them distinctly, but there are three of them, and of good size."

"Some fisherman, in all probability," said *Hutchinson*. "At all events they have not noticed us."

At about the time that this conversation was going on, *Doddridge* and *Jaquith* jumped into a boat at *Dorchester* Point, and rowed quietly around towards the *Neponset*.

"We have ample time," said *Charles*, "so we needn't hurry. Everything seems quiet about the harbour, and I feel encouraged to hope that all is going well. I will pull as far as the river, and then you may relieve me."

"All right," answered *Ezra*, "pull away. I feel a little nervous, and shall be glad of the exercise later on."

The three boats which had attracted Captain *Fairweather's* attention had left *Nantasket Roads* just as

as the sun set. They were laden with chests of tea, and were awaiting the arrival of the *Indian* to take the cargo up the river to the appointed place. Captain *Carpenter* was in one of the boats, and was becoming impatient.

"When will that d—— black rascal come?" he said. "Keep steady there, and don't let 'em drift in too near the river. There's one boat passed up already, and we don't want to be spoken."

"Ay, ay, Sir," said several low voices, and then all was quiet.

While all this was taking place near the mouth of the *Neponset*, about twenty dark figures could have been seen in the bend of the river, eight of whom were getting into two boats, while the rest, under the leadership of a large man, were preparing to climb the bank towards the Governor's house. As their dusky forms moved to and fro under the overhanging branches they presented a weird and forbidding sight. They did not dare light torches, fearing detection, and groped about, starting every now and then as some one imprudently stepped upon the thin ice bordering the river, causing it to crack with a sharp report. Not a word was spoken, and at last the two boats started, paddled by two men. The leading one was directed by *Pete*.

They had gone about a mile and a half, and were sweeping softly around the curve where the river turns towards the harbour, when *Pete* suddenly stopped his boat. "Hush! Be quiet; follow," he said in a low voice. The night was still, not a breath of wind ruffled the glazed surface of the water

water, and every sound was distinctly audible for some distance. Turning to the right the boats drew into a little creek, and the men paused to listen. A boat was coming up the river, and the splashing of the oars could be heard in regular motion. As it drew near the sound of voices fell on their ears, and *Pete* bent his head forward. As they passed he caught the following words, which made him utter an oath.

"If those fellows come to-night, Captain, they'll have a surprise. I don't imagine there is anything in it, but I did not like the looks of those three boats we passed as we entered the river. What do you think they were doing?"

"I could only see the outlines through the darkness," said another voice, "but it seemed to me they were well manned and cautious. However, it is perhaps only a fishing party after smelts, which are caught here in plenty."

"I don't think so," said a third voice, and as the boat then turned a bend in the river, *Pete* could hear nothing more.

"Damn it!" said he, "we must go down the river at once, and send the boats back to the brig. The game is up, and she must get well into the bay before dawn. As for those who have gone up the hill, they must take their chances. We'll go with the brig if they'll take us, as our lives are not safe here. Row hard, I say."

They at last reached the three boats, and giving a signal, were soon alongside. Just then *Pete* turned his head. Going into the river was a small boat with two men in it.

"Just

"Just in time," he said, "now to the brig as you value your necks."

The men answered with a will, and reached *Nantasket Roads* without accident.

The next morning incoming vessels noticed a handsome brig going under full sail down *Massachusetts* Bay. She seemed in haste, for she spared nothing, and had no time to signal anyone, but flew on regardless of wind and weather. On board of her were nine new men, so she was amply provided with hands.

"Where to, now?" asked the Captain, turning to the leader of the new-comers.

"To the south," was the answer. "Such were Mr. *Jaquith's* instructions in case we failed." And they sailed on, the crew singing as they manned the halliards:

Ho, Heigh, Ho! let the good brig go
To the Sea of the Carribbee,
For the ſky is blue, and the hearts are true,
Of the maidens with eyes of ebony hue,
In the Sea of the Carribbee.

Ho, Heigh, Ho! the weſt winds blow
And the ſcuppers fill under our lee,
And there's plenty for all in calm or ſquall
On the dark blue waters that riſe and fall
In the Sea of the Carribbee.

Sing Ho, Heigh, Ho! for the northeaſt gale
To blow us far over the ſea
Acroſs the Stream, the wind abeam,
With creaking and ſnapping in every ſeam,
Towards the Sea of the Carribbee.

Ho,

Ho, Heigh, Ho! Sing Ho, Heigh, Ho!
Her ſtud-ſails are drawing free,
Her ſheets are taut, her halliards faſt,
She dives in the open ſea at laſt,
Towards the Sea of the Carribbee.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XI. *Wherein the Adventures of the Previous Chapter are continued.*

WHEN the boat from the Castle, containing the four young men, arrived at the bank of the river which young *Hutchinson* knew so well, all was quiet. Had it been day, they could easily have known from the freshly trodden snow, that it had been recently visited by a large body of men. But in the darkness they suspected nothing.

"It is so gloomy," said Captain *Fairweather*, "that we will have the four men follow us up the hill to the road. They can then take the boat and return to the Castle, as we shall go back by land in the morning."

"I think your plan a good one," answered *Hutchinson*, "for although the distance is not great, the fields are well sheltered, and afford ample space for concealment. There is safety in numbers."

They climbed up the bank, through the brush and under the trees, and as the ascent began to be less wearisome, they halted a moment to catch their breath.

They had reached that part of the field from which by daylight one could see both the harbour and the Governor's house, when young *Hutchinson's* attention was attracted by two or three lights moving to and fro on the opposite side of the road.

"What can this mean?" he said, stopping. "My

father

father and sister rarely go out in the evening now, and they never have so many lights. See, they are increasing. I do believe there is mischief going on."

He had hardly spoken when the line of sycamores and the snow-clad fields were lighted up, showing the house behind them. It was as if a sudden conflagration had broken out. The next moment they were startled by a sharp yell in front of them, sounding like the barking of wolves, and they could distinguish a dozen or more dark figures on the lawn dancing and screeching like demons.

"Good Heavens!" cried *Hutchinson*, "they are at it already, and we are just in time. It is a second sacking, and my poor father and sister are alone with the servants. Make haste, Captain, before they accomplish their cowardly work."

"To your pistols, men," shouted Captain *Fairweather*, "and double-quick up this hill as you love your King."

They all rushed forward with a cry, discharging their pistols when within range, and before they had reached the lawn all was quiet and in darkness, and the rioters had scattered as chaff before the wind. Not a trace was left of them, save a few smouldering torches, and the smell of the resinous smoke.

"Take your arms and make sure they're gone," said the Captain to his men. "Catch some of them if you can. If you find nothing return to the house. I should like to have got hold of that big fellow," he continued, turning to his companions, "but there is no use in following them far in this

this darkness. They will not attempt anything more, for they are apparently timid."

When they reached the house they were met at the front door by the tall figure of the Governor, who, true to his word, was on his way to argue with the rioters, thinking them to be of the same sort as those who had appeared in *Boston* nine years before. To his surprise he fell into the arms of his son.

"Are you safe, father?" said the breathless young man. "I am thankful we came as we did, for there is no saying what might otherwise have happened."

"Is that you, *Tommy?*" said the Governor. "How came you here? Yes, I am well, but am sorry I could not have had a word with them, for I'm sure they meant me no personal harm. Ah, I see, here is Captain *Fairweather*, who has disobeyed the commands I gave him this morning. This won't do, Captain," he continued with a smile. "You have brought the troops with you. Can you excuse yourself?"

"I think, your Excellency," answered *Fairweather*, "that you will forgive me when I tell you that these four men would have returned with the boat ere this, had we not seen what was taking place."

"And further, my dear father," interrupted young *Hutchinson*, "these gentlemen come as my guests, not as soldiers."

"That being the case," replied the Governor, "I forgive you all, and ask you to drink with me a health to King *George*."

They entered the house, and soon the events of the evening were nearly forgotten in the agreeable

able conversation and good punch of the Governor.

But there were two young men on the river who had seen the lights, and their sudden disappearance, and who never forgot that night.

"There is something wrong, *Charles*," said *Jaquith*. "They should not stop so early, for they have given no time for action on the part of that rascal *Pete* and the brig's crew."

"Let us go to the bank and learn what we can," answered *Charles*. They accordingly rowed rapidly on, and when they came in sight of the shore *Jaquith* said, with surprise, "Isn't that a boat? Evidently they have not gone down the river yet. Pull in and we will examine her."

They did so, and by the aid of a light read in large black letters the appalling name, "*Arethusa*."

"By Heavens! A man-of-war's gig," cried *Jaquith*. "We are trapped. Turn and pull down the river, and let's get back to town as soon as we can."

Thus ended the attack on Governor *Hutchinson* in January, 1774. Its immediate effect was not serious to him, but it was one of the many acts which helped to wreck his life and make it end in exile.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XII. *In which the Garden is again frequented.*

IT was now the end of April. The snow had gone, and the fresh green grass was beginning to cover the pleached alleys of the Governor's garden with a soft velvet. The sun was bright, buds were bursting on the early shrubs and trees, and the orioles and robins were singing their joyful message of an early summer. Nothing in all this lovely world was more lovely than the garden in *Milton* on that spring day. Down the middle walk three persons were moving slowly towards the ha-ha at the foot of the garden. The tall, somewhat bent figure of the Governor, his right hand clasping tenderly that of a young girl, was in the centre. On his left walked a young man.

The Governor stopped now and then, to examine some green shoot just peeping from the ground, or to point to the buds upon the trees about them. He had made the place a Paradise on earth by thirty years of loving labour, and watched its progress with the tender care bestowed by a doting parent on a child. Reaching the end of the path he turned and looked back through the overhanging branches towards the house. The sun was shining over its roof, throwing the shadows across the green sod, giving the whole a rich and varied colouring.

"I had hoped to be on my way to England by this time," he said, turning to the young man, "so that I might return before all the green is gone. How beautiful it is! I would not leave it

 could

could I not be of better service there. Here all is fast becoming anarchy, and my counsels are unheeded. A few rebellious fellows are doing all the mischief, and they will not listen to any concessions. I wish you could go with me, *Tommy*, but you must remain to care for the farm and your private affairs. You could not leave the management of the estate of the late Lieutenant Governor in such a time of uncertainty. But I shall have *Elisha* and you, *Peggy*, dearest," turning with a smile towards the girl. "It will be but a short time, and then we shall all drink tea together once more under these elms."

"I wish I might go with you, father," said *Thomas*, "but as you say it is impossible. I should not regret were I never to see *Boston* and its rabble again, if I could be with you. This place I love because you have made it what it is, but little would I weep for the rest of this benighted land."

"Say not so, my son," replied the Governor with warmth. "Remember that the good people are but misguided by those black-hearted fellows in the Assembly. Ere I return all will be changed, and the spirit of loyalty will prevail."

"I hope you are right, Sir," answered *Thomas*, "but I fear that matters grow no better. Can a people who insult the obsequies of the beloved Lieutenant Governor be trusted to reform? Nothing but force will check them, for they listen to no arguments but those of traitors and rebels."

"That was indeed a sad affair," said the Governor, bowing his head, "and I think the leaders are ashamed of it. Such acts separate the chaff from the

the wheat, and may save it in the end. But be it as it may, I cannot leave my post of duty in the hands of a rebel council, and shall await His Majesty's orders. Are you impatient to leave these scenes, *Peggy* dear?"

"No, Sir," answered the girl, "I am happy here with you. But when you are away I sometimes crave the companionship of one of my own age. My friends are separated from me, and I see them so seldom."

"It is but too true, my dear," the Governor replied, "but it is impossible for you to go abroad in such perilous times. The danger of insult is too great. But some old friend might visit you here. Is there no one you wish to see? Speak, and she shall be brought if possible."

"I've often wished that *Dorothy Doddridge* might be with me," answered *Peggy*, looking up at her father, "but *Tommy* says that her mother and brother are rebels, and that they would not permit it."

"Poor *Amos!*" said the Governor, with a look of tender recollection. "That one so loyal should leave such to represent him! His wife has sorely changed since his death, for she was once loyal, too. I don't know that her mother will allow it," he continued, addressing *Peggy*, "but you may ask *Dorothy* to come."

"No, father," replied she, "I fear it might cause you annoyance. It is well known that her brother *Charles* has spoken harsh words about you, and that Mrs. *Doddridge* is very bitter, so I doubt if they would permit it. Dear *Dorothy* is a sweet girl,

girl, and I love her so well that it would be a comfort to have her with me, but I must not think of it."

"They cannot refuse you this," answered the Governor, raising his head with dignity. "Go and write a note to *Dorothy*, and I will forward it with a word to her mother, as soon as it is ready. It would indeed be unkind of her to reject the invitation."

Peggy kissed her father, and ran towards the house, her heart full of joy at the prospect of seeing her friend.

Before Mr. *Doddridge's* death, he and Mr. *Hutchinson* had been strongly attached to each other. As representatives in the General Court they stood shoulder to shoulder, and it was *Doddridge's* unflinching loyalty to his friend that had enabled him successfully to combat the demagogues who had attempted to wreck the finances of the Province. In those days he and his young wife had been frequent visitors at *Milton*, and in later years *Charles* and *Dorothy* had been there much. But things had changed in the last two or three years, and the girls had scarcely seen each other. It was a great grief to them both, and *Peggy* had often thought of asking her father's consent to invite her friend, so when he asked her whether there was no young companion she wished to have visit her, she had taken courage to ask for her company.

After *Peggy* had left them, the others started back towards the house. "Has Captain *Fairweather*," asked the Governor, "been able to find the messenger who brought me the warning on the day before you and he dispersed the mob from before the

the house? There are loyal hearts here yet, but why should they wish to hide themselves? It is indeed sad that the King's faithful subjects are obliged to act in secret."

"All that has been discovered," answered *Thomas*, "is that the man was dark and rode a brown horse. He will be found, though, for both Colonel *Leslie* and Major *Phillips* are anxious to reward him. The gentlemen at the Castle are much interested also."

"Have they the identity of any of the fellows who were here?" inquired the Governor. "It was not a serious affair, but they should not be encouraged by the neglect of the authorities. No doubt the messenger could tell us much were he found."

"I will steal down to the Castle this afternoon," said *Thomas*, "and learn what I can. I need a change, for I have been going from house to barn, from barn to house, and the monotony is wearing me out. The store is closed, and seems likely to remain so, for an honest man is forbidden to earn his livelihood in these days. But I may get some news at the Castle, and I am sorely in need of it."

"Do not attempt going to the town," said his father. "They would do you an injury if they saw you."

On entering the house the Governor retired to his study, and *Thomas* to his room to prepare for his afternoon excursion. Since the occurrence of January, he had been but seldom on the river, and he now took special care to provide himself with pistols

pistols and sword. He would have felt no regret at having to use them with effect, for he was wrought up to a state of anger which knew no bounds. He and his brother had been deprived of their business; his father threatened and insulted, and all for no fault of their own.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XIII. *How an Invitation was given by His Excellency.*

ABOUT four o'clock that afternoon, young *Hutchinson* started across the fields to the river, taking with him the letters to Mrs. *Doddridge* and *Dorothy*, hoping to find a bearer for them at the Castle. He found his boat safe on the gravelly beach, and jumping in pulled leisurely down the river. He did not hurry, for he desired to reach the Castle after dark, and there was ample time. The air was warm, and he felt refreshed after his confinement. Nothing disturbed the quiet, except the shore birds and sea-gulls which hovered over the river and marshes. He wondered how God could permit such a beautiful land to be poisoned with the spirit of rebellion. His mind wandered back to the days of his boyhood, when he and his brothers and sisters paddled about these same waters without fear of molestation, and their songs and laughter echoed from the banks and hummocks without restraint. Now he was forced to steal along like a thief at night, hardly daring to speak to himself. He was not cowardly; he was even reckless; but he knew his position too well, and the danger if he were seen by the more lawless people. He therefore crept on slowly as far as the river's mouth, then turned his boat towards the harbour, and headed her for the Castle.

The sun was getting low, and it would take him half an hour more, so he began to pull a vigor-

ous stroke, when he noticed lying directly in his path a number of boats filled with people, who were throwing stones and other missiles towards the war-ships and the Castle, and although he could not hear what they said, they were undoubtedly hurling blasphemies along with them. It was only too apparent to him that he must postpone his visit until after nightfall, so he turned and rowed towards *Boston*, intending to keep out of sight until a better opportunity of reaching the Castle should present itself.

It then occurred to him that he had the letters for *Dorothy* and her mother, and that they should be delivered at once if possible. He could easily do the errand himself, for there could be but little danger in reaching their house, and a word from him might cause Mrs. *Doddridge* to give the matter favorable consideration. Accordingly when the sun had set he pulled along the shore to *Bull's* Wharf, and landing, secured his boat to one of the piers. He looked about him. There was no one in sight, and the stillness was only broken by the swashing of the waters against the wharf and adjoining shore.

Walking rapidly by *Flounder* Lane to *Summer* Street, he met few people and these paid little heed to him. Nearing the new *South Church* he continued at a slower gait, until he reached Mrs. *Doddridge's* house. As he approached it he heard the door shut and a step come towards the street. Drawing back quickly into the shade of one of the large elms, he remained quiet. A man came out

out of the gate and was immediately joined by another, who came from the direction of *d'Acosta's* pastures. As they passed the tree behind which *Hutchinson* was hidden, he heard the first one saying,—

"I got the chance of a word with *Dorothy*. She says that *Charles* is still bent upon his foolish errand, and is exasperated at his last failure. I may have to go to *Milton* again with a note of warning."

"Let me go," replied the other, "they might question you were you to be seen there again, and we don't wish to cause *Doddridge* trouble."

Hutchinson caught no more, but he had heard enough to satisfy him.

"*David Whittemore*, as I live," he said to himself. "Can it have been he who brought that letter, and did none of the servants know him? Ah! I forget that all except *Mark* and *Riley* have been changed. But why should he bring it? I thought he was a rebel and a *Son of Liberty*. From what he said, it must have been *Dorothy* who sent it, and *Charles* must be one of the villains who planned that atrocious act."

He waited a while, and then going to the door, knocked and was admitted.

When Mrs. *Doddridge* entered the parlour where he was awaiting her, a look of astonishment spread over her face, and throwing her head back haughtily, she said:

"This is an unexpected visit, Mr. *Hutchinson*. It is long since you have condescended so far, and you

you ought not to wonder at my surprise. You must have an important message to undertake so perilous a journey."

"Mrs. *Doddridge*," answered *Thomas* courteously, and bowing low, "I have indeed an important message, otherwise I would not have troubled you at this time. You are unjust to me, for neither my father nor I have ever refused to visit you. Like many another in the Province you have turned against us; not we against you. And why?"

"Mr. *Hutchinson*," she interrupted, "we have borne until we can bear no longer. Do you deny that you and your partners have done all in your power to ruin us? Do you deny that your father, as Governor of the Province, has upheld all the shameful laws that are breaking up our homes and starving our people? I would gladly believe that this is not so, but I fear I am not mistaken. Do I not speak the truth?"

"It is true, Mrs. *Doddridge*," answered *Hutchinson*, coolly, "that you have suffered, that the people of the colonies are suffering. It is true that I was made one of the consignees of the tea which has caused so much trouble. It is true that my honoured father, Governor of the Province, has upheld the laws of Parliament, and enforced the orders of His Most Gracious Majesty. But it is not true," he continued with emphasis, "that he has enforced unjust laws, or that he has aided in causing the ruin of the people. His every act has been in accordance with his oath of allegiance. Never has a heavy burthen been placed upon the people

people that he has not given his whole heart to lightening it. Never has an unjust law been passed that he has not used his greatest energies to have it modified. As for me and my friends, the consignees, it is well known that we were made such against our desires. We have lost a lucrative business in consequence, and we are sufferers as well as others. We differ in our point of view, Madam, that is all. We have done what we know to be our duty; perhaps the people of *Boston* think they are doing theirs. If so, I fear they don't understand what it is."

"They understand so much," answered Mrs. *Doddridge*, taking a step forward, "that they have decided to put up with these things no longer. They understand enough to know that your father is their enemy, and cannot, or will not, help them. Why does he not do as they do, and stand by their rights? Why does he allow our men to be shot, our maidens to be insulted? Tell me why?"

"He permits none of these things, and you well know it, Mrs. *Doddridge*," answered *Hutchinson* quietly. "You must be aware that he has always punished acts of violence. But tell me why the people insult him? attempt to mob him? threaten him? And why do they do these things in the dark? He does his duty openly; they make their plans in secret. Is not his course the more honourable?"

"They do those things," she replied, "because they have no other means of freeing themselves. Would you have them shot down like beasts? They

They have tried argument and persuasion; this is all that is left to them."

"Mrs. *Doddridge*," said *Hutchinson*, placing a chair for her, "I did not come to quarrel with you, and I'm sorry that you feel towards us as you do. I come not as an enemy, but as the son of Mr. *Doddridge's* old friend. Do not be angry; do not let the heat of these times make those unhappy who do not deserve to be so. Will you listen to me for a minute?"

"You are right," she said, seating herself, and her manner softening a little as she thought of her husband, "I should not have received you so. But do not blame me. Speak, and I will listen."

"My father," began *Thomas*, "goes to *England* in a few weeks to be away several months. Ah! I grieve to see that this pleases you. Yes, he goes, but it is in the interest of the Province. My sister goes with him, and she has one friend whom she wishes to see before her departure. Do you understand, Madam? She begs that you will allow your daughter to visit her. I bring two letters with me, one from her to *Dorothy;* the other to you from my father. Will you read them?"

Mrs. *Doddridge* hesitated. For a moment she felt that perhaps she was unjust in putting so much blame upon her husband's old friend. She took the letters, and read hers slowly. When she had finished she raised her eyes, saying, "Do you and he know what you are asking of me? Do you realize that for one of my family to break bread in your father's house would stamp us as traitors? No,

No, Mr. *Hutchinson*, I must refuse, though you may think me ungracious. I fear that *Dorothy's* mind is somewhat poisoned already, for she does not see the meaning of all these things as I do. Forgive me, you cannot understand my feelings."

"I do, very well," he said, "but you and your son will not be there, although I know that you would both be welcome. This is but a young girl's fancy to have her dearest friend with her. Pray let it be satisfied. Don't make them suffer when there is no need. I will send my boat for her with *Peggy* and two trusted men, and she can steal up the river without notice. Think of what I have risked to bring this message to you. Were I seen in the streets of *Boston* I might be roughly handled."

"Mr. *Hutchinson*," she answered, "you have acted bravely in this matter, and should be treated kindly." She hesitated a moment and then added: "It is true that no one need know of it, and that *Peggy* will soon go away. Let me reflect. I'll speak with *Dorothy*, and will let you know my decision to-morrow. But how can I reach you?"

"I'll wait now if you will consult *Dorothy* at once," answered *Thomas*.

"I will do so, but I must speak with her alone if you'll allow me."

She left the room. After some minutes she returned. Her eyes were moist, and her manner was gentler. She said, as she entered, "I am afraid I am weak. I could never have thought this possible. She may go."

Hutchinson

Hutchinson took her hand respectfully, and said: "I thank you, Madam, and I think you will not repent this act. At four o'clock to-morrow afternoon then, send *Dorothy* to the Point where we had our boat in the old days. *Peggy* will be waiting for her there. Good night, and may you soon learn that my father is the best friend the Province has."

With this he took his leave, and returning to his boat, reached the Castle without accident.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XIV. *Wherein the Governor's Invitation is accepted.*

ON the following morning young *Hutchinson* left the Castle in company with Captain *Fairweather*, and rowed to *Milton*. On his arrival he immediately sought his sister to tell her of the success of his efforts in her behalf. She was delighted, and at once began preparations for her trip to the Point. Then he sought his father, whom he found in the study engrossed in his correspondence. On seeing him the Governor said, "You have returned early, my son. I did not expect you before nightfall. But I am pleased to have you here in safety, for I had some anxiety lest you should be seen in the harbour. What did you learn at the Castle? Nothing good, I fear."

"I have learned much," answered *Thomas*, "but not at the Castle. I disregarded your warning and sought Mrs. *Doddridge* in her house. There was no danger," he continued, for his father looked displeased. "It was dark, and *I* was seen by no one. But I *saw* some one for whom we have been looking for weeks."

He then related what he had seen and overheard. The Governor knit his brows and thought a moment. Then he said doubtingly, "There must be some mistake, my son. Young *Doddridge* is undoubtedly misguided, and would perhaps do an unlawful act, but he would not attempt violence upon the person of his father's friend. No, *Tom-*

my, that part of it you have ill-understood. But *Whittemore?* You are sure it was he?"

"Yes, father," answered *Thomas*, "I know his carriage and voice, and his companion addressed him as '*David.*' There is no error in this. Do you wish him sent for? I'm sure he'll not come unless assured that he'll not be questioned as to the source of his information. For if I'm right about *Charles*, he wouldn't wish to betray him."

"You argue correctly," said his father, "but this can be arranged, and we will send him such a message that he will have no hesitation in coming to us. But how fare the gentlemen at the Castle? Are your wife and little ones tolerably well off?"

"Colonel *Leslie* and the officers are most kind," answered *Thomas*, "and give them every comfort. But I forgot to say that I have brought Captain *Fairweather* with me, thinking that he might be of service to us. He has gone to his room, and will be ready to speak with you when you are at leisure. I have great confidence in him, and so has the Colonel, and if you agree, Sir, I will make him acquainted with what I have just told you."

"You may do so, my son, and I have faith that he will act wisely and with sound sense." Bowing respectfully, *Thomas* withdrew to his own room.

At about seven o'clock that evening the cheerful voices of two young girls could have been heard issuing from the Red Room in the south wing, overlooking the garden, orchards and fields, towards the *Blue Hills* and *Braintree*. The bright carpet; the crimson damask curtains; the four-post bedstead, also with crimson hangings; the mahogany

mahogany chairs covered with the same stuff, all looked bright and cheerful in the dancing firelight. *Peggy* and *Dorothy* were happy on this night, although they had both suffered much of late. But now they forgot it all and recalled the days of their childhood, when they ran about the garden and over the fields, picking the wild flowers and plucking the fruit.

"To-morrow," said *Dorothy* gaily, "I'll jump on *Fairy* and canter over the old roads and fields. *Peggy* darling, I have been shut up so long in *Boston*, that I have hardly breathed the fresh air, and I've felt stifled. But now I'll make the most of this dear place, and be a girl again."

"And I will go with you, *Dorothy*. I, too, have been much kept in-doors of late. My father fears my going abroad alone because of the disturbances in the town. He says it is not safe for me. Do you think they would harm me?"

"They wouldn't harm you, *Peggy*. It is the men against whom they feel bitterly. It's your father and brothers, the chief justice, and the army. But I don't agree with them. You knew that, did you not?"

"*Tommy* told me so, and it made me very happy. Why do they wish to harm so good, kind and patient a soul as my dear father? They don't know him as we do. Loving, generous, thinking never of himself; always of others. Not a day passes that he does not grieve for the people, and express his distress at their sufferings. It's unjust and unkind, *Dorothy*."

"It

"It will not last long," said *Dorothy*. "They will change. Is it not a good sign that I was allowed to come to you? I grieve to say it, but I feared I might never be permitted to do so again. But I'm here and I'm happy."

A little later as they drank tea in the oak-panelled dining room, no one would have suspected what was in the minds of most of the party. The Governor, at the head of the table, was life and wit itself, making all hearts light. No word was said of existing conditions in the Colony, for *Thomas* and *Peggy* alone were certain of *Dorothy's* position, and the Governor did not wish to offend her. After tea was over, the two girls were left to themselves in the parlour, while the others retired to the study, where they remained until a late hour.

"I think, your Excellency," said *Fairweather*, in answer to a question, "that it would be well to summon Mr. *Whittemore* to *Milton*. If he is loyal he will come without doubt."

"He must be loyal," said the Governor, "but he is also an old friend of *Charles Doddridge*, and if *Tommy* is right, he may wish to shield him. I cannot believe that *Charles* had any hand in the riot. If he did, I wish to spare him if possible, on his sister's account. There must be others more guilty, and we will look for them."

"Make it known to Mr. *Whittemore* that he will not be questioned, and I am sure he'll come willingly," the Captain replied.

"I will do so. *Tommy* will write to him, for he knows him well."

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XV. *In which Mr. David Whittemore says what he thinks.*

EZRA and *Charles* had waited in vain for the return of the brig. At first they thought that she was biding her time until suspicion had subsided, but as the weeks passed in rapid succession they finally became convinced that she had been captured, and gave up all hope. *Jaquith* determined more than ever to lose no opportunity of revenge. Towards the end of April, Mrs. *Doddridge* and *Charles* asked him to share their home, and on the evening of the day *Dorothy* went to *Milton* he became her mother's guest. When *Charles* learned where *Dorothy* had gone he was at first very angry. But on being told that the Governor was soon to sail for *England* he had become calm, for such good news was enough to reconcile him to anything. They had succeeded, he thought, in making the Province too hot for His Excellency. *Jaquith*, however, felt differently at her absence, though he did not confess it to his friend. The truth was that he had set his heart on the beautiful girl, whom he had met of late on terms of close friendship. He had not realized it until he found her gone, and gone, as he thought, into the enemy's camp. He feared no rivalry, however, for he imagined none at *Milton*. But, as in the case of his lost brig, there was no redress; and he had to submit. He had changed in these three months, and was morose and often overbearing. He spoke little, but thought much.

No further search had been made in the *White Cock* Tavern, and the two young men strolled there almost every day, for they were sure of meeting many friends and sympathizers. They had noticed that of late, one who had once been a constant attendant at their gatherings, was never there. *Whittemore* had not entered the tavern since New Year's Eve, and *Caleb White* had often remarked upon his absence, and the *Sons of Liberty* were much incensed at his neglect. *Charles* had frequently spoken to *David* about this, but as he answered little, he finally guessed the truth; that he had abandoned the cause. But one evening, as they were seated in the parlour of the house in *Summer* Street, discussing the important news of the day,—that of the refusal of the Chief Justice to accept his salary from the Province,—they were interrupted by the arrival of *Whittemore*. He was received kindly by Mrs. *Doddridge*, but the two young men greeted him coolly. After a while, *Charles* asked with warmth, "What do you think, *David*, of the impudence of the Chief Justice? He still maintains that he is the servant of the Crown, and that he will receive his salary from none save the King. Was anything so outrageous ever heard?"

"I think," replied *David* quietly, "that he is doing his duty. Why shouldn't he receive his salary as the law requires? Why should the people take this matter into their hands and attempt to dictate to the government? I see no reason why we should not obey the laws, and be good subjects."

His three companions started. "Do you know what you are saying?" asked *Jaquith*, taking a step towards

towards him. "Do you come here to say such things? I am surprised that you should hold such unpatriotic sentiments. Do you not know that this act is striking at our dearest liberties, and that it is intended as an insult to the Province?"

"I know nothing of the kind," *David* replied, unmoved. "Do you not know that the judges have been ill-paid, and at times cannot get what is due them? Do you imagine that they propose to serve for nothing?"

"I have noticed of late that you take less interest in your country than was your wont," said *Jaquith* excitedly. "What's the reason of this change? Is there something to be gained by it?"

"There is nothing to be gained by argument with you," said *David*, turning from *Jaquith* towards Mrs. *Doddridge*.

"I will not argue with you then," said *Ezra*, now in a passion, "but I will say one word more. I knew you were losing interest in the cause of liberty, but I didn't believe you were a traitor."

Whittemore turned upon him, flushed with anger. "What do you say? Do you, the smuggler, the breaker of laws, the would-be destroyer of your sovereign's representative, dare call me a traitor, because I don't wish to join you in your infamous work? It's you, who should be shunned by all self-respecting men. Pardon me, Mrs. *Doddridge*, for saying these things in your presence, but I came here on a friendly visit, and have been insulted,—called traitor." Then again addressing *Jaquith*, he added, "Either you will apologize to me, or you may expect to hear from me. I'll give you until to-morrow to cool down."

Ezra

Ezra was white with rage and attempted to reply, but before he could do so, *David* had bowed stiffly and left the house. He was not sorry for what he had said, and he was not the aggressor. He had gone to Mrs. *Doddridge's* in the hope of seeing *Dorothy*, not expecting to meet *Ezra* there, and when the latter had called him traitor it had stung him.

Whittemore had always been at heart a Tory. He hardly knew it himself until recent events had set him to considering matters more seriously. He was a *Boston* boy; a classmate of both *Doddridge* and *Jaquith;* and had been brought up in the midst of all the troubles of the last years. But he had always been thoughtful, reasoning in his own way, and making up his own mind, and had now come to the decision that although the government was hard in many ways, yet it had done many good things, and had made it possible for the Colonies to be what they were. Yet it was not until his meeting with *Doddridge* on New Year's Eve that he really knew with whom he sympathized, and he then and there decided where his duty lay, and resolved to protect the Governor, should it be in his power to do so. After leaving the tavern on that evening, he had made up his mind to forestall his friend's impetuosity. For some days he could think of nothing to do, but knowing *Charles's* love for his young sister, he finally decided to communicate with her and urge her to influence him. *Dorothy* knew it would enrage her brother to learn that his friend had betrayed his secret, and she could not bring herself to speak to him. She therefore wrote

an

an anonymous letter to the Governor, warning him of impending danger, and put it in *David's* hands to be delivered. The result we know.

The morning following his quarrel with *Ezra*, as he was about going out, a servant handed him a letter which had just been brought by a messenger who was awaiting a reply. Breaking it open he read as follows:—

David Whittemore, *Esq'r:*

Sir:

Having aſcertained that you have done us a great Service, my Father deſires me to requeſt that you will viſit him at Milton *at once, that he may in perſon thank you for your Regard for him, and for your Loyalty to His Majeſty the* King. *Be aſſured, Sir, that the Motives for your Action will be permitted to remain in your ſole poſſeſſion, and that we wiſh but to expreſs our Gratitude.*

Your Obedient Servant,
Thomas Hutchinson, *Jun'r.*

"This is a strange matter," thought *Whittemore*. "How could it be known by His Excellency that it was I who carried *Dorothy's* message? But I will go, for after last evening's occurrence there is nothing more to hide. I have now openly taken sides." He wrote a note accepting the invitation, and decided to start in the early afternoon.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XVI. *How a Liberty Tree was planted and what Fruit it bore.*

SOON after *Whittemore* left them, *Charles* and *Ezra* went out, and walked rapidly towards the *White Cock*. Conditions had grown so much more serious in the past few weeks, and the cause of the colonists had made such headway, that they had become emboldened, and those remaining loyal to the crown were now cautious and on the defensive. It was without concealment, therefore, that the *Sons of Liberty* held their meetings, and the *White Cock* Tavern was every evening filled with enthusiastic, determined patriots. This evening was no exception, and on entering the long hall, *Charles* and *Ezra* found some thirty young men talking, and drinking toasts to *Samuel Adams* and *John Hancock*, and making uncomplimentary remarks about the King and the Governor. Seeing them come in, some one shouted from the opposite side of the room, "Here are two more, and they are welcome. Come, drink a toast to Mr. *Adams*, 'To that sturdy tree of Liberty, whose branches shall spread over all the land.'" They all arose with a shout, and drank. "Now where is our friend, *David Whittemore?*" continued the speaker. "He should be here to-night, for we are going to plant a liberty tree in the centre of the table. Come, Mr. *White*, clear off the punch bowl and make room for us."

"*David Whittemore* will never be here again," answered *Jaquith*, setting down his glass.

"How

"How so?" said the other. "Is he dead? or has he joined the Quakers?"

"Worse than either," said *Jaquith*, with anger. "He's a traitor and a turncoat. He thinks himself insulted because I told him so to-night, and I may have to stick him like a pig."

"Ha, ha! We thought as much," said a number of voices at once. "What's he done now?"

"He has said," continued *Jaquith*, "that the Province has no rights, and that we should submit to the laws without a murmur."

"And further," interrupted *Charles*, "that this man, *Oliver*, is right in refusing to obey the Assembly and Council. Are not these things sufficient?"

"They are," said the other young men in unison. "Stick him by all means, *Ezra*, and we will stand behind you."

"Death to all traitors, and may the pig be stuck," shouted a voice, and they all drank the toast.

"Now bring in the liberty tree," said the young man who had first greeted *Charles* and *Ezra* on their entrance. "We will cut one of yours, Mr. *White*, and plant it in a box of good *New England* earth."

They all rushed out, singing as they went, returning in a short time. "Here we are," said the bearer of the tree. "Now for the planting." They all gathered around the table, and amid loud applause the spokesman stuck the the tree into the box of earth.

"There are certain limbs on this tree which should be stricken off," he said, pointing at it. "First I cut off

off this rotten one, which represents *David Whittemore.*"

"The pig we stick," cried a number of voices.

"Thus," continued the spokesman, lopping off some more branches, "I dispose of all traitors."

A shout of approval went up.

"And now," he concluded, "I toast the tree of liberty shorn of all its imperfections."

After this toast was drunk, someone called out, "One more toast, and then we will leave Mr. *White* in possession of his tavern. 'To *Ezra Jaquith*,—may he stick the pig.'"

They one by one retired, leaving *Ezra* and *Charles* alone with the landlord, who was the first to speak. "Do you expect to hear from Mr. *Whittemore?*" he asked, "for if so, you would better prepare yourself. I once had an affair of this sort, and was considered a good sword in my day. Perhaps I can be of service to you, for I believe you have had little experience in warfare. If you will come into my loft, I will show you a few passes which may be useful to you."

"Thank you," said *Jaquith*, "I'll take advantage of your offer, but not to-night, for it is late. I trust I shall soon hear from Master *David*, for I wish to show him what I really think of him. I have many reasons for desiring to chastise him."

"You are right," replied *White*. "But if you do not get a message from him, I will assure you that he'll be seen to by the *Sons of Liberty*. No traitor shall be permitted to go unpunished, and we intend to deal out justice to all like him. Have no fear but that he'll get his deserts."

"That

"That would please me," *Jaquith* replied, "but not so much as to do the work myself. And I'll do it if I can."

Two days later he had the satisfaction of receiving a visit from Captain *Fairweather*, of His Majesty's Army.

"I come," said he, "on behalf of Mr. *Whittemore*, who considers that his character as a gentleman has been attacked by you. He is ready to accept a satisfactory explanation of your words, and would gladly believe that they were unintentional. But if you are unwilling to give this, it will please me to see such gentlemen as you may name to arrange for your meeting."

"Tell Mr. *Whittemore*," answered *Ezra*, with warmth, "that I have nothing further to say, save that my friend, Mr. *Charles Doddridge*, will meet you at any place you may indicate."

"I will bear your answer," replied the *Captain* with evident satisfaction, "and if agreeable will call upon Mr. *Doddridge* here to-morrow morning." This being agreed upon, the Captain rode out to *Milton*.

David had told him his story, and asked him to be the bearer of his challenge, to which *Fairweather* had willingly consented, deeming it a pleasure to serve one desirous of upholding the honour of the crown. It was somewhat late when he reached *Milton*. Taking *David* to one side, he told him the result of his visit.

CHAPTER



Mr. David Whittemore

CHAPTER XVII. *How a Garden may contain more than is generally ſuppoſed.*

ON arriving at *Milton*, *David Whittemore* had been much surprised to find *Dorothy*. Naturally it had occurred to him that it was she who had told of their notifying the Governor of his danger, and he was at a loss to understand why she should have done so. He therefore determined to question her, and a suitable moment presenting itself, he asked her to stroll in the garden with him.

"Oh, no," she said in answer to his enquiry, "I was not aware, until His Excellency mentioned it to me, that they knew of it. They have not told me how they were informed."

"It is strange," said *David*, "but since it has been the cause of my finding you, I am not sorry. I trust it will not reach your mother and *Charles* that I am here, for it would cause them much annoyance. I fear they don't wish to see me again, *Dorothy*."

"Why not?" asked the girl, looking up at him in surprise. "Surely you have always been welcome, and we're old friends. They wouldn't shut their door on you because you differ from them in your views of what is right. I differ, too, yet they have permitted me to come here, and they will welcome me back."

"No, *Dorothy*," answered *David* sadly, "they would not refuse me the house because I differed from them; but I have lost my temper in their presence, and have exposed my true position."

"You

"You must have had great provocation to cause you to lose your temper," she replied. "I thought you were not easily excited."

"I am not usually, but *Ezra Jaquith* enraged me with his arguments, and as I did not agree with him, turned upon me and called me a traitor. I answered him hotly, and hurled the epithet back on him, and I think I did right."

"I am sorry for this," said *Dorothy* sadly, "but I don't blame you. He was certainly in error. But don't think of it further, for he will not remember it. Poor *Ezra* has suffered much, and I wish I could like him."

He looked up quickly. It was not displeasing to him to know that *Dorothy* did not care for *Jaquith*.

"He has attacked me in a manner that I cannot forget," replied he. "But I grieve to have offended your mother, and I wish that *Charles* could see the right and be loyal."

"That will never be, I fear," said *Dorothy*. "*Charles* is so bitter. He loves me, but will not listen to me, for he thinks me only a girl without experience. Perhaps he is right in this, but I do not think I am mistaken."

"You are not mistaken, *Dorothy* dear," said *Peggy's* voice at her shoulder. "You are a dear, good girl, and your mother and brother will agree with me some day. You think me an eavesdropper, but it was unintentional. Forgive me."

"I say nothing to Mr. *Whittemore* that I wish to hide from you, *Peggy*. We can speak our opinions freely here, thank heaven!"

"It is pleasant to have good friends about us,"

continued

continued *Peggy*. "It is long since we have had so many, and it makes the dear old garden cheerful. But where is our gallant Captain? I have missed him to-day," she added with a laugh.

"He has ridden to *Boston*," answered *David*, flushing slightly, "but promised to return early. Perhaps he will bring us news."

David knew very well where Captain *Fairweather* had gone, but had said nothing. He felt justified in challenging *Ezra*, but did not care to have it reach *Dorothy's* ears.

"What does this mean?" said Governor *Hutchinson*, with mock sternness. "Is this another conspiracy? You are not so well hidden behind the arbour that I cannot see you, and your voices sound low and ominous. Have you already done away with the Captain? I have not seen him since morning, and it looks suspicious. I have faced more than one rabble in my day, but none so forbidding as this. Why, Mr. *Whittemore* looks most wicked. Are you aware that it is near dinner time, my dears?"

"We were preparing an attack upon you in the dining room," answered *Peggy* with a laugh, "and you have just saved yourself. As for the Captain, no one knows where he is save Mr. *Whittemore*, and *Dorothy* and I share your suspicions. We think that our friend here has waylaid him, and thrown him into the river. Shall we arrest the suspected?"

"Do so," said the Governor, "and bring him before the board at which I shall preside. I am deemed a severe judge in the Province, so let him tremble."

"Come, prisoner," said the two girls gaily.

"If

"If the Captain is not found before the Court adjourns," put in the Governor, "justice will be dealt out to you."

"I submit," said *David*, "but fear I must suffer the penalty, for the Captain will not be here. Be lenient, your Excellency, I beg."

Later on, while they were still at table, the Governor remarked,—

"Mr. *Whittemore*, you must now have judgment passed upon you, for it is evident that you are guilty. Mark," he went on, turning towards the colored servant behind him, "fetch a bottle of that Rhenish wine which I suspect you know too well."

The man retired, soon returning with the bottle.

"Now, Accused, here is your punishment. Many before you have drunk their own death in poison, but you will be obliged to do this,—to drink with me and your jailers a health to King *George III*, and to all loyal subjects."

"Your Excellency," said *David*, raising his glass and bowing, "I think my case should be dealt with lightly. Let me add to what you have proposed, the health of your Excellency, and I will cheerfully submit."

"You may do this," said the Governor, "and now as I have had two pleasant hours with you, my dears, I must return to the more serious matters of this life."

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XVIII. *Why Miſs Doddridge galloped Miſs Hutchinſon's Pony.*

THREE days after Captain *Fairweather* had brought *Ezra's* answer to *Milton*, two young men rode into an open space near a spring of fresh water, at the foot of the *Great Blue Hill*, and dismounted. Securing their horses in the woods at some distance from the road, they returned to the spring. They had ridden from *Boston* in the cool of the morning, and had been impatient to reach their destination before the others, for they wished to look over the ground unhindered. They did not know that Captain *Fairweather* and *David Whittemore* were in *Milton*, and had thoroughly examined the spot on the preceding day.

"This is the place," said *Charles*, looking about him, "and it is certainly as good as could be found. *David* will have a chance to refresh himself at that spring, which seems pure. Yet I don't half like this expedition. He is an excellent swordsman, and although *White* has taught you a few good moves, I fear you will have some trouble. Keep your courage up, and make a bold rush on the first attack. Perhaps you may be able to take him by surprise."

"Have no anxiety," answered *Ezra*. "I have the right on my side, and shall do my best. If I can draw some of his traitor blood, I shall be content."

"I wish I might have a chance at that British officer," said *Charles*. "It would be a great thing to have a bout with him, and show him what we think

of his murderous kind. Look to your sword," he added, "and see that all is in condition, for I think I hear the sound of horses on the highway."

In a few moments *David* and the Captain appeared, and bowing to the others, dismounted. *David* walked up to *Ezra*, and looking at him with contempt, said, in measured words, "Mr. *Jaquith*, you have attacked me, but I am willing even now to accept an explanation, and shall be happy to know that you retract your words. But remember that if you still persist in them you must take the consequences."

"Mr. *Whittemore*," answered *Ezra*, returning his look angrily, "a few evenings ago I called you a traitor, but I refrained from saying all I thought of you because we were in the presence of a lady. You did not so restrain yourself, and now, as we are in the hearing of none save these two gentlemen, who are willing to assist us in this meeting, I will add that which I did not say before. You are not only a traitor to your country, to the *Sons of Liberty*, who have honoured you, and to every instinct born in you, but you are besides a coward, for you now wish to escape the punishment awaiting you."

At these words *David* sprang back with rage, and drawing himself to his full height, said, with his hand on his sword, "I would willingly have spared you, but you have made it impossible. Which of us is the coward will soon appear, for I see that further words with you are useless."

So saying he turned, and going up to the Captain, who was standing at some distance waiting for him to

to finish his interview, said, "You may speak with Mr. *Doddridge*. Mr. *Jaquith* is even more insolent, and the affair goes on."

The two young adversaries, stripped for their encounter, were awaiting the signal, when *Charles* heard the sound of horses' hoofs coming rapidly up the road. Some early traveller was in great haste, for the speed was that of a runaway. The four young men stopped and listened. Instead of passing on by the highway, the horse suddenly turned into the path leading to where they were, and presently they dropped their swords in some confusion. Coming towards them was a young girl on a pony.

"*Dorothy!*" exclaimed *Charles*. For in the wild figure he had recognized his sister.

"Yes, it is *Dorothy*," said the girl, catching her breath. "It is I who have come to save you all from this disgrace. What is the meaning of this, gentlemen? Have matters come to such a pass that old friends must insult each other and fight like savages? You are surprised at seeing me here, but I fortunately overheard some remarks made by you, Captain *Fairweather*, when you were walking in the garden with Mr. *Whittemore*, so I have stolen *Peggy's* pony and have followed you. Stop this, for Heaven's sake! Do not forget that you are old friends and companions. Are you not ashamed, *Charles*, to be here against your old friend? I knew you were foolish, but did not think this possible."

Charles stood a moment without answering. Then going towards her he said, "Go back, *Dorothy*, and leave us. It is too late to stop. No, do not go back

back, but come home with me, away from that place, where you are being taught to forget your country and your friends. *Ezra*," he said, turning towards his friend, "if Mr. *Whittemore* is willing, we will postpone this meeting. What say you, Captain *Fairweather?*"

"We should respect the presence of a lady," answered the Captain, bowing.

David looked steadily at *Dorothy* without speaking. He had no desire to fight in her presence.

"Mr. *Whittemore*," said *Ezra*, going towards him, "you have escaped me this time in a very clever manner. But you will hear from me later, for I don't intend to give you up."

David turned on his heel without answering, not caring to discuss the matter.

"And now, *Dorothy*," said *Charles*, "you will ride with me. We will send for your effects."

"Do you imagine," replied *Dorothy*, looking at him with contempt, "that I would leave my hosts in this way, without thanking them? No, I will return to the Governor's. When you and *Ezra* have come to your right minds, I will go back to my mother's house. But while you remain disloyal to your King, and a traitor to the memory of your father, I will stay away."

"Do as you like," said *Charles*, looking at her angrily, "but learn this; that the day you side with traitors and villains is the last you shall be called my sister, and you need not look to me for further help." He sprang into the saddle, and with *Ezra* was soon on his way to *Boston*.

Dorothy returned slowly to *Milton Hill* with *David* and

and the Captain. Little was said on the road, and she controlled herself until she reached her room; then she broke down and wept bitterly. "Oh! what will become of me now," she thought.

At dinner the Governor and *Peggy* were anxious to know how their guests had enjoyed their early ride. "I feared," said the Governor, smiling, "that it was another conspiracy, and that this time the Captain would be waylaid in earnest."

"You see he is safe, your Excellency," said *Dorothy*, faintly smiling. "I knew *Peggy* wouldn't mind, so I borrowed *Fairy* for a morning ride. It seems that the Captain and Mr. *Whittemore* had the same fancy, and meeting them on the way, I rode home with them."

Ezra and *Charles* likewise rode away, and in no pleasant humour.

"She shall not stay there," said the former angrily. "If we have to take her away by force, she shall not stay there."

"She will come when she is calmer," said *Charles*. "I see it all now; we have more to settle with that villain than affairs of treason."

"Yes," replied *Ezra*, pale with suppressed passion, "I will have a warrant issued for his arrest as a traitor to the *Sons of Liberty*, and if needs be we will drag her out of that den."

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XIX. *Romantic Aſpects of Gardens in General, and the Governor's Garden in Particular.*

THREE weeks had passed since the day when *Dorothy* had disturbed the duel, and she and *David* were still at *Milton*. The Captain had returned to the Castle, and *Thomas* had been away much of the time, both at the Castle and at *Oliver* Hall in *Middleboro'*, where his brother *Elisha* was visiting the Chief Justice, keeping out of danger's way. During these weeks much had developed. *Dorothy* had learnt the story of *David's* heart, and he had been told that the story was not distasteful to her. *Peggy* had their secret and was delighted, for in their quiet drives and walks together she had learned to like *David* very much,and her admiration for his loyalty to her father was intense. The Governor had been much with them, and it had not escaped his observation that *David* and *Dorothy* were happy in each other's society. He was pleased with it, for he felt a great interest in them both, and a certain responsibility for them. Mrs. *Doddridge* and *Charles* had sent no word to *Dorothy*, doubtless thinking she would repent her folly, and come to them to ask forgiveness. But in this they mistook the girl. She was firm in her love for *David*, her gratitude to the Governor, and her loyalty to her father's teachings. She had been invited to stay at *Milton* as long as she wished, and in the position in which she now found herself she had no alternative.

It was now the middle of May. The flowers and shrubs in the garden were beginning to show all their beauties, the air was warm, and the Governor, *Peggy*, *Dorothy* and *David* were walking down the pleached alleys, picking the lilies of the valley and late tulips, and examining the fresh young shoots on the grape-vines, the pride of the Governor's heart. The old Scotch gardener was transplanting and trimming, while in the orchard men were ridding the fruit-trees of their over-growth. The Governor was talking, the others listening attentively.

"*David*," he said kindly, "in two weeks from this I expect to be on the ocean, bound for *England*. It has been a great pleasure and comfort to have you here, for you have fairly earned my gratitude and affection. What do you plan doing when you leave me, or rather when I leave you, for if I were to remain you would be always welcome here? It would certainly be unwise, if not unsafe, for you to attempt to return to *Boston*. Why don't you come with me, and when all is quiet again, and loyalty has re-entered the hearts of these poor people, we will come back together? It can be easily arranged, and would give me great pleasure."

"It is very kind of your Excellency to think so much of my welfare," answered *David*, "but I must remain here and take my chances. There is still something for me to do, and I have ties which bind me here. No, your Excellency, I cannot go with you, although I thank you for asking me."

"I know you have ties to keep you here," said the Governor with a glance in the direction of *Dorothy;*

thy;" you must remain with us until my departure at least."

"I will stay with your Excellency until then if I am not a burden to you," said *David* with a smile.

"And you will be here, *Dorothy*, to keep *Peggy* company," continued the Governor. "She'll miss you sadly, but it will not be for long. Perhaps, though, you may go with us?"

"I should like to go with *Peggy*," answered *Dorothy*, "but I too have duties here. I must try to bring back my poor mother and brother. I do not abandon hope of doing it, but it will take time, and if the worst comes to the worst I can take care of myself."

"I do not think that will be necessary," said the Governor, looking at *David* as he spoke. "No, my young friends, I have guessed your secret, and may the good God care for you. I would not advise you against your mother's wishes, *Dorothy*, were it not my duty to do so. But you are guided by your sense of right, and are both loyal and true. If you wish, remain here until I return in the autumn. But I think all will be well long before then, and that I shall find you happy, with all your differences adjusted."

They walked back towards the house in a cheerful frame of mind. The birds were singing in the trees; the rake and roller sounded merrily on the gravel walk under the arbour; the lowing of the cattle came over the field beyond the ha-ha; and the sweet spring air was fragrant with the wafted perfumes of flowers and fruit blossoms. Why should they not have been happy in that peaceful scene? It is fortunate we cannot read the future.

"*David*,"

"*David*," said the Governor, taking him to the study on re-entering the house, "as I have said, in two weeks I shall be on the great ocean. There are many matters requiring attention before then, and as my life is so very uncertain, it is well to prepare for *anything* that may be sent me. You have proved yourself faithful and courageous, and I know since the day you first came here with *Dorothy's* message, that I may trust you entirely. Will you undertake a journey for me which may involve you in some danger? There are few messengers worthy of confidence at this time, and I deem myself fortunate in having one like you to call upon."

"Your Excellency," answered *David*, flushing with pleasure, "there is nothing I would not undertake for you. I am proud that you should think of me, and I'll do my best."

"I thank you," said the Governor kindly. "My son *Elisha* is, as you know, with the Chief Justice at *Middleboro'*. It is necessary that I should get into his possession certain valuable papers which I have with me here. Experience has taught me that such things fall too easily into the hands of the rabble, and at a distance of thirty miles from *Boston* they will be much safer than they are here. The people are losing their heads so fast that they may come even here before my return, although I do not think it. There is really no great risk in the journey. Do you wish to undertake it?"

"This is a light task," answered *David* smiling. "I had hoped that I might do something better to show my appreciation of all your Excellency's kindness."

"It

"It seems light, and I trust it will prove so," said the Governor. "You shall have the best horse in my stables, and can start to-morrow early. I will have the papers and a note of introduction ready to-night. You will be able to return the following afternoon, for I do not wish to keep you away too long."

"I will be in readiness," answered *David*, as he moved towards the parlour where the two girls were talking.

Upon his mentioning to *Dorothy* his journey, during a stroll in the garden in the afternoon, she showed some anxiety. "I am foolish, *David*," she said, "but I wish you did not have to go. There are those who wish you harm, and who knows but they may lie in wait for you? Yet you must go, and I would not discourage your doing what you can for His Excellency."

"There is nothing to fear, *Dorothy*, dear," answered *David* with a laugh. "What can possibly befall me unless I lose my way, which is not probable? Surely they cannot know of my trip, nor can they always be on the lookout for me. Besides all this I do not think they would take me unawares on the highway, for although they are hot-headed they are not cowards."

"I trust not," said *Dorothy*, "but some of the patriots have done cowardly things already, and their folly carries them to great lengths. But you must go, so I will not worry."

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XX. *Why it was more difficult to ride from Middleboro' to Milton than it appeared.*

THE next morning *Dorothy* and *Peggy* arose early, and saw *David* depart. The sky was clear, and his horse being fresh, he cantered briskly on by Mrs. *Foye's* to the *New State* Road, thence by *Wild's* Tavern around the base of the *Blue Hills* towards *Middleboro'*. "The Country Heigh Waye" over *Milton Hill* at this time was narrow and rough, and vehicles were unable to pass each other upon it except at certain places. There were several houses along it, the homes of the well-to-do dwellers in *Milton*, the majority of whom were the Governor's warm admirers and friends.*

The *New State* Road left the highway about a mile from the Governor's mansion, and turning to the west, wound towards the *Blue Hills*, where it joined the *Stoughton* Road, and finally passing *Hoosic Whisick* Lake and the *Great Blue Hill*, it started southward through *Ponkapog* and *Stoughton*. These ways were still more rugged and wild than the *Braintree* Road, being in places steep and rough. They were, however, well bordered with farms and houses, until the hills were reached. There by the lake stood the old house of *Nathaniel Houghton*, which, although over one hundred years old, still was solitary amidst the forests.

Everything

* *Some of them, when his estate was confiscated, went to* England *to show their disapproval of the act. Most of them returned, however, and became later good citizens of the* United States.

Everything was still, and *David* met few travellers, although the farms began to show signs of life. His horse was good, and he went at a fair pace, leaving the forest, brooks, and little villages behind him, until he came at last in view of *Assowamsett* Pond. It was just a century since the body of *Sausamon* had been discovered under its frozen surface, and the story of *King Philip* and his treachery ran through *David's* mind, causing him to look involuntarily about him. He was ashamed of his feelings in a moment, and laughed aloud. To be sure there were traitors now, but they were not savages, and what could be more peaceful and untroubled than that shining sheet of water? The turmoil of the town had not affected its repose, and he found himself wishing that he and *Dorothy* might be near its quiet shores, away from all their troubles. The sun was now high, and he was at a loss to know in what direction to go to find *Oliver Hall*, so he inquired at the next house he passed, and finding that he had gone too far south, turned back, and was soon on his way again. Then riding along the lovely *Namasket*, and taking a bridle-path through the wood, he dismounted before long at the broad door of the *Hall*.

This noble structure near the banks of the *Namasket* River, with its lawns and forests and serpentine walks, met the fate of many such, at the hands of the enraged populace. It was burned to the ground after the Chief Justice had left it, an act of lawlessness for which there now seems to us to have been little excuse. Chief Justice *Oliver* at this time was compelled to remain in his *Middleboro'*

boro' house, for it was not safe for him to go to *Boston*, unless he agreed to give up his allegiance to the Crown, and to take his salary from the Province. This he would not do, so he was impeached, and finally went to *England*, uttering the most bitter invectives against his countrymen and their government.

Elisha Hutchinson was much like his brother,—fiery, angry and disappointed. *David* found himself in a less sympathetic atmosphere than that he had left in *Milton*. He felt as the Governor did, and could follow him, but not those who were, in his opinion, selfish and unpatriotic. For strange as it may seem to us, he considered the Governor the only true patriot. *Whittemore* was cordially received by both the Chief Justice and *Elisha Hutchinson*, and there were many inquiries about affairs at *Milton* and *Boston*. Much interest was manifested in the Governor's departure, and his son was preparing to join him on ship-board.

The following afternoon, having thanked his hosts for their courtesy, he took letters from both, and mounting his horse started on his homeward journey. He was not sorry to be headed towards *Milton*. The weather had changed during the night, and the heavy dark clouds overhanging the western horizon threatened one of those thunder tempests which come in the early summer. He went on cheerfully, however, giving little heed to the rising wind whistling through the boughs, his mind being occupied with matters nearer his heart. He had gone fully half the distance, and the clouds were still rolling up and the far-away thunder was re-echoing

re-echoing from hill to hill. As yet the storm had not broken forth, but seemed to be gathering all its forces ere it should sweep down on its errand of destruction. A few miles further on, the inky summit of the *Great Blue Hill* broke into view, and he wondered if he could beat the storm, and reach *Wild's* Tavern in time to save himself a drenching. The tempest's forces had evidently been marshalled by this time, for each flash of lightning and peal of thunder was brighter and louder than that which went before. The scene was awe-inspiring, and he spurred his horse and hastened forward, for he feared that if the storm should break in all its fury, he might lose the road. He had finally reached a point in the thick woods within a mile of the hill, when his horse started suddenly and its bits were grappled by a strong hand which threw it back upon its haunches. It was at first impossible to see anything, but a moment later there was a bright flash of lightning, and *David* perceived a dark figure holding his horse, and several others standing near by. His first impulse was to strike at his obstructor, and he brought down his crop. The horse sprang but was held fast, and his effort was answered by a low laugh from the direction in which he had struck. "It's no use, Mr. *Whittemore*," said a deep voice. "When I have orders to stop a gentleman on the highway, I generally succeed, with the help of my friends. Now just be good and quiet, and come with us."

"You scoundrels," shouted *David*, drawing one of his pistols. But two pairs of strong arms were thrown

thrown around him, and he was lifted bodily from the saddle, and laid on his back on the ground. Before he could speak again he was gagged and a moment later his hands were bound behind his back and he was set upon his feet. He then found himself taken on either side and forced to walk, he knew not whither. The ground seemed nearly level, though rough and stony.

"Blindfold him," said a voice. This being done they moved on, and he could hear the soft splashing of water as if on the shore of some small pond or lake. In a short time he was helped into a boat, which was rowed along swiftly until finally they disembarked and began to ascend. It then seemed as if he was going round and round, up and down, now over smooth ground, now over rough stones. He could form no estimate of how long this lasted, but finally his captors halted, and he could see lights through the coverings on his eyes. Then a voice said, "Take off the bandages from his eyes." This was done, and the sight before him struck horror to his heart.

The storm had passed, and the stars were shining bright above him. He was in a rocky place surrounded by pines and scrub-oaks; on the ground in front of him were seated about a dozen masked men, surrounded by torches stuck into the earth. In front of these stood two others, also masked, evidently the leaders. He could not see their faces, but thought he recognized their bearing, and when one of them spoke he found he was not mistaken.

"Mr. *David Whittemore*," said *Ezra Jaquith*, "you escaped me a short time ago, but I have no intention

intention that you shall do so again. I have obtained a warrant from the Order you have betrayed, and you are arrested in the name of Liberty. This country has had enough of such as you, and you are here for trial. Oh! don't be impatient, you will be allowed to speak when the proper time comes. We do not intend to pass judgment without giving you a chance to defend yourself. But you must hear the charges first. Knowing your impetuous nature we have thought best to bring you to a secluded spot, and to keep you quiet for a while. What is the charge, brothers?" he said, turning to those seated behind him.

"Treason to his country, his order, and his conscience," shouted the voices in unison.

"You hear the charge," said *Ezra* with a sneer. "What other charge is there? *Charles*, you have one."

"I charge you, *David Whittemore*," said *Charles* through his teeth, "with poisoning the mind of a young girl with traitorous thoughts; and with being a designing coward in the hands of a brutal master. These are my charges, and may you pay the penalty due for them."

"You hear these additional charges, *David Whittemore*," said *Ezra*. "And I have yet a word to say if the others have finished. You will remember that a girl successfully protected you from my revenge a short time ago. I accuse you of wrecking her home, and taking her from those who love her. I am one of those, and I have decided that you and she shall never meet again. You are a scoundrel, and a traitor. And now, my *Indian* friend,

friend, loosen his mouth-piece that we may hear his defence."

The *Indian* obeyed, and *David* looked a moment about him without speaking, his head high, and with an expression of the utmost contempt. Finally he said slowly and distinctly, looking first at *Ezra* and then at *Charles*, "You, *Ezra Jaquith*, and you, *Charles Doddridge*, are brave men! You have attacked a solitary man on the highway in the dark, and fearing your inability to do the work alone, have hired a band of savages to assist you. You have bound him, gagged him, insulted him; and now you give him the privilege of answering your charges. This he will do in few words. You are all liars, assassins, traitors, and cowards. That is all I have to answer. I am now willing to hear the verdict. Only let me remind you of one thing; that what you are now sowing you may reap sooner than you think."

"Is that all you wish to say?" asked *Ezra*, with a laugh. "These are only opinions; we must have explanations."

"You will have nothing further from me," said *David*.

"Very well then," answered *Ezra*, this time with anger, "put on the gag and blindfold him again. Now, brothers, what is the verdict? Remember that *Charles* and I have a voice in this. Speak, what is it?"

"Banishment!" shouted all together.

"Aye! that is it, Master *David*. Banishment! You are to be exiled, never to return. Never again may you expect to see your Governor and your Mistress.

tress. Now lead him away. The chaise is ready, and before dawn you will be on your way to where you'll be well cared for."

David Whittemore was proud and courageous, and did not wish to show his real feelings to the men who were thus attacking him. He knew, moreover, that he could gain nothing by attempting force, and decided at present to make no resistance, but to use his wits, and if possible, escape. When they again started they walked for perhaps a quarter of a mile, and then placed him in a chaise which immediately set off at a brisk pace. How long his journey was, *David* did not know, but at the end of about two hours the sound of the sea breaking along the shore fell upon his ears, and he knew the time had come for him to act. He therefore strangled and coughed vigorously. His conductor undid his bandage, asking what he wished.

"With whom am I, and where am I?" gasped *David.* "For Heaven's sake let me have breath! I am choking, and can certainly do no harm with my voice now. Answer me, who are you?"

"You don't know me, Mr. *Whittemore*," answered the person he had heard when first attacked. "But you need not be strangled," he added, further loosing the gag. "Those are not my orders. I am not allowed, however, to tell where you are going."

"Will you not tell me, as we are alone, whether I go on shipboard to-night?" asked *David.*

"We are not alone. Two gentlemen follow, and watch us carefully," the other answered. "Don't try to escape."

"I

"I don't wish to escape now," *David* answered, "but it will be greatly to your advantage to help me later."

The other laughed disagreeably, and said, "Maybe that is so, but I am watched and don't want to be shot."

David thought it best to say no more at this time. He had succeeded in finding that he was with a stranger, and that *Charles* and *Ezra* were following. He decided to wait quietly and form some plan. He had got into hands from which it would be difficult to extricate himself. The unknown man who was driving him was in reality the rascally brother of *Ponkapog Pete*, and their destination was an estuary near *Braintree*, where the brig *Dreadnaught* had dropped anchor. She had returned from the *West Indies*, and had made several attempts to get into *Boston*, but it was only on the fourteenth of May that *Pete* had been able to unload her after over three months cruising. This had given *Ezra* new courage, and although the expense of running the brig during this long period had been great, still he felt that his fortunes were saved. When *Pete* had first appeared before him he had started as at a spirit, but soon remembered that he had another undertaking for him. He sought *Charles*, and they arranged the plan whereby *David* was captured, and finally brought towards the brig by *Pete's* brother. The *Indian* had had spies watching for several days, and one of these had seen *David* pass on his way to *Middleboro'*, which fact had been communicated to *Ezra* and *Charles*, who had forthwith gone to the

Blue

Blue Hill Tavern with some of the hotheads of the *Sons of Liberty*. When the messenger rode in to inform them that *David* was on the way back, they all hastened to the appointed place. The affair had been well planned and skillfully executed. *Ezra* and *Charles* were well pleased as they drove behind the chaise containing *David* and his custodian. *Charles* felt that they were doing an act of justice, for he thought that *David* had proved himself both dangerous and bad, scheming not only against the freedom of his country, but against the affections of a lover and a brother. No redress being possible in any other way, they had taken matters into their own hands.

Not many moments after *David* had spoken to the *Indian* the chaise stopped, and he was forced to descend, the gag being first replaced. He again entered a boat, and was shortly handed over the side of the brig, which then immediately set sail, and drew out into the open sea. This then was the end of all his dreams! With a heavy heart he thought of *Dorothy*.



CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXI. *How an Indian is often better than he looks.*

ALL the afternoon *Dorothy* and *Peggy* had watched for *David's* return. But the Governor had assured them that he could not arrive until evening, and when the storm began to gather he made up his mind that very possibly *David* might seek the shelter of one of the taverns on the road and await the morning.

"I can't help feeling anxious, *Peggy*," said *Dorothy* as the tempest burst forth. "I do not know why it is, yet I cannot prevent it."

"He is all right on *Gipsey*. If he were to miss his way, she would bring him home."

"It is not his going astray that I fear, *Peggy* dear. But he has enemies who would not hesitate to do him mischief if the occasion presented itself. But it's no doubt a foolish fancy."

In the evening they were sitting in the parlour with the Governor, when they were suddenly disturbed in their conversation by the sound of a horse coming up to the house at a breakneck pace. They all started, and *Dorothy* ran to the door and looked out. The stars were now shining, and the bright flashes over the harbour towards the east told that the storm had passed out to sea, to spend itself on the broad Atlantic. "You are late, *David*," she said, rushing down the steps. She stopped suddenly and held her breath. Seated on *Gipsey* was an *Indian* boy, bareheaded, with his feet hanging loose at the mare's sides.

"Quick!"

"Quick!" he said. "The gentleman is stolen. I was hidden in the trees, and heard them say, 'Take him to the ship and send him away.' Quick! I say."

By this time the Governor and *Peggy* had come out, wondering why *David* did not dismount. *Dorothy* stood trembling, and for a moment was silent. Then she turned and said in a choking voice, "It is as I feared, your Excellency. *David* has been waylaid. Hear what this boy says."

The boy repeated his story.

"Oh! *Peggy! Peggy!* what can we do? If only your brother or Captain *Fairweather* were here! What can we do, your Excellency?"

Governor *Hutchinson* was standing with an expression of horror on his face. Turning to the boy, he asked, "Do you know, my good lad, where they have taken him? You will be well rewarded for this. Speak quickly."

"To the water near *Braintree*."

"Make haste, *Peggy*. Order a chaise with the freshest horse, and I will go myself, since it is I who have brought this upon him."

"No, your Excellency," said *Dorothy*, regaining her self-possession. "You cannot go at this time of night. I will go, if you will lend me *Peggy's* pony."

"This is out of the question," answered the Governor firmly. "The chaise will be ready in a moment and I shall go at once. They will not dare do me harm or disobey my orders. But to a young girl it would be a perilous trip, and I cannot permit it."

"Oh! your Excellency, remember how little I have left

left in this world except you and *Peggy* and *David*. I could never live and know that I had not done all I could for him. You cannot go, your Excellency. You are not well, and I know they would not respect your person were you alone. Let me follow the boy and learn what I can. I think he is to be trusted, and I will take care not to be seen. Remain here with *Peggy*, whom you cannot leave alone. Let me go."

"I wish I might do so, *Dorothy*, but you are in my care, and I cannot allow it. Where did you say they were going?" he continued, turning to the boy.

"To a ship at *Braintree*. It's no use for you to go. Better order a ship to follow them."

"An excellent idea, my lad," said the Governor. "*Dorothy* dear, it is useless for either of us to go to-night. I will send a note to the Castle, and they will start in pursuit. My lad," he continued, "wait while I write."

He entered the house, and in a few moments returned and handed a letter to the boy. "Ride fast to *Dorchester* Point. There leave your horse, row quickly to the Castle, and give this to Colonel *Leslie*. Do you understand?" The boy nodded. "Here is money. Do you know the ship?"

"Yes, Sir," answered the boy.

"Then go with them and help find her. We will remember you."

The boy gave a shrill whistle and started on a gallop down the hill.

Dorothy had regained her composure, and now saw the wisdom of the Governor's action. "I know you are

are right," she said on re-entering the house. "It would be useless to follow them by land now. If what this boy has heard is true they would be down the bay before we could reach *Braintree*. I will try to be brave."

"You are always that," said the Governor, kissing her on the forehead. "In the morning we will all three go to the Castle and learn what has been done."

The *Indian* boy rode swiftly to *Dorchester* Point, and waking up the sleepy stable-boy of the small tavern near the water, gave him the horse and ran on to the shore, where a number of boats were lying. Without thinking to whom it might belong, he jumped into one of them and pulled with a vigorous stroke towards the Castle. Making fast his boat he ran to the gate where he perceived a light. Taking the letter from beneath his belt, he handed it to the sentry who had barred his way, saying, "A letter for the Colonel. Quick!"

The man examined it, and noting the large seal upon it, retired, leaving the boy waiting outside the gate. In a few moments he returned, and led the boy to the Colonel's apartments. It was now nearly eleven o'clock, and many of the people at the Castle had gone to bed, but Colonel *Leslie*, having much work to do, was still busy in his office when the lad was admitted.

"You come from his Excellency, at *Milton*," he said as the boy entered. "He has written me what you have told him. Are you sure they said to-night?"

"Yes, Sir. I heard them say so."

"Lieutenant

"Lieutenant *Trenchard*," called the Colonel, going to the door of an adjoining room, "find Captain *Fairweather*, and tell him to come here at once."

"Captain," said the Colonel, as he entered, "I have just received this from his Excellency. Read it, and tell me what you think."

The Captain took the note and read it. As he went on, his brows contracted, and he drew his breath in slowly through his teeth. "I think, sir," he said, when he had finished, "that if possible a small swift vessel should be sent at once down the bay. I know Mr. *Whittemore* well. He is loyal and has given up much for his love of good government."

"If you please, Captain," answered the Colonel, "go to the Admiral, who is still here, and ask him to do what is requested. If you wish to go on the expedition, you may."

"Thank you, Sir, and I'll take *Hutchinson* with me if he cares to go."

An hour later the Captain and *Thomas Hutchinson*, with the *Indian* boy, were on board the man-of-war *Lively*, preparing for their chase of the brig. It was well after midnight when they got under way, and the commander, knowing that she would be far down the bay before he could pass the Roads, decided to crowd on all sail, and head towards the ocean. Passing the light-house he bore towards the east, and was soon ploughing through the water at a brisk gait. The night was clear with a strong north-west wind, and he had only to set his sails and let her go. The wind holding, he passed *Cape Cod* as the sun was rising, when the lookout sighted a sail.

"Where

"Where away?" shouted the officer.

"Off the starboard bow, about sou'east, Sir."

The officer took his glass and looked in the direction indicated. There were surely the topsails of a brig in sight, and feeling certain that he had his man, he started in pursuit.

Those on board the brig had seen the war-ship before the latter had found them.

"By G—d," said Captain *Carpenter*, "they're after us. We'll give the old tub a fine dance, though! Here, you Mr. *Jones*, give her every rag she'll carry, and if he can catch the *Dreadnaught*, I'm willing to give up."

Every stitch of canvas was crowded on to her, and she drove through the running seas swift as a frightened doe, scattering the white foam high above her spars. At last the Captain started at the report of a gun in his wake, but so far off as not to be dangerous.

"The d—d fool is hollering at us to stop and let him take us. I guess we won't do that this morning. By this afternoon he'll give it up, and go back to protect his Castle and its precious freight of blackguards. Where's our new ship-mate, Mr. *Jones?* Remember we have orders to treat him well until we unship him. Is he comfortable in his quarters?"

"Aye, aye, Sir," answered the mate, "he's a-struttin' up and down as if he was a king or an admiral. He looks as if he owned the whole ship."

"When we get out of sight of land and that fire-eater, let him out. No disrespect, understand. He'll have a lonesome time in about three weeks, so we'll make

make it kind of sociable for him while he's with us."

"I think, Sir," said the mate, "that you'll find him mighty poor company. I don't think I'll have much to say to him without orders."

Captain *Carpenter* was a good sailor, but he had little moral sense. He had, to be sure, always sailed in the merchant marine, but would just as willingly have been a pirate. He was a terror to the men, and had had more than one incipient mutiny, but had checked them all by his indomitable courage. He had no fear of being caught by the man-of-war, but even had she overhauled him he would have pitched into her without hesitation, foolhardy as it might be. So he kept merrily on his way, giving his pursuer little thought except to laugh at him, and call him names.

"The d—d old landlubber," he said chuckling, "he's pulling astern of us already, and he'll have a pretty time beating back up the bay. Hope this nor'wester'll hold, and his old shooting-irons will rattle round in him like dried peas in their pod."

At about four in the afternoon nothing was to be seen of the *Lively* but her top-gallant sails, and before the sun had set she had disappeared entirely.

"It is no use going any further," said the Captain of the frigate, as the sun was setting. "It is contrary to our instructions, and we must not leave the Castle for longer than we have already done. I am sorry, Mr. *Hutchinson*, but you will understand that it would be an endless job to catch her, and from the way she was going, when last seen, I doubt if we would be successful under any circumstances."

It was necessary to make several long tacks in returning, and it was well into the morning hours when the ship cast anchor off the Castle.

CHAPTER



Miss Hutchinson

CHAPTER XXII. *Wherein Miſs Doddridge makes up her mind on a Certain Subject.*

THE Governor, with *Peggy* and *Dorothy*, had come down the river to the Castle in the morning, and had been waiting for news all day. They were sadly disappointed at the result of the chase. *Dorothy*, however, showed no emotion. She had soon made up her mind that the brig could not be caught, for she had guessed that it was *Ezra's* clipper, and she had often heard of its speed. She had also resolved that she would keep her self-possession, and devote her whole life, if necessary, to finding *David*. She therefore said to the Governor, "I thank you, your Excellency, for what you have undertaken, but I feared it would not succeed. As you return to *Milton* this evening will you leave me at *Long Wharf?* I wish to see my mother and *Charles*. Perhaps he can be of some use to us, and I think for the moment he will forget his anger, and try to assist us in finding our old friend. Who it was that captured *David* I can't say. But I feel sure that *Charles* would not go as far as that. Let me go, and I'll return to the Castle and await news, for something may yet be learned."

"As you say, *Dorothy*," answered the Governor, "your brother must forget his anger now and help you. This is an outrage, and even the *Sons of Liberty* will be ashamed of it. Go. I will send you at once in one of the barges. We will await your return, and when you come back we will all go up the river together."

An hour later, *Dorothy* found herself at the door of the familiar house in *Summer* Street. She lifted the latch with a firm hand, although she felt some misgivings, and was doubtful how she would be received. Going up stairs she knocked gently on the door of a room overlooking the garden, and upon receiving an answer, walked in. Mrs. *Doddridge* was standing facing *Dorothy* as she entered. On seeing her daughter she started, but at once controlled herself and drew herself to her full height, and looked her in the face. *Dorothy* drew back under her mother's gaze, and for a moment her eyes dropped. Mrs. *Doddridge* spoke first.

"So you've returned to your father's house once more, *Dorothy*. I did not expect to see you so soon after all I have heard. What brings you here? Why do you forsake your good and loyal friends who are so kind to you, and are so considerate of your welfare?"

"Oh! Mother," cried *Dorothy*, raising her eyes, "you know I have always loved you and *Charles*, and that I have always obeyed you. You know that you gave me permission to go to *Milton*, and that you've never sent for me to come back to you. You know that my brother told me I was not wanted here so long as I refused to agree with him, and follow his foolish advice. I love you and *Charles*, but I also love the memory of my dear father, and so long as I live I will do as *he* taught me. I do not come to ask you to take me back, nor to say that I am sorry for what I have done. God knows I have done nothing that I am ashamed of, and I only

only wish that my brother could say the same. Does he not disregard all the teachings of his father? Is he not a traitor to his King and untrue to his friends? Deny it, dear mother, if you can, but you know it's all true. And now what has happened? A most atrocious crime has been committed, and I fear that *Charles* knows about it, although I have tried to persuade myself and others that such a thing was impossible. I am sure, however, that it is the act of one he calls his friend, and who lives under your roof. *Ezra Jaquith* has waylaid and sent away on his brig a guest of the Governor, *David Whittemore*. Did *you* know it?" said the girl in horror, seeing her mother show no surprise. "Is it possible that *you* knew it, and did not prevent it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. *Doddridge*, her eyes flashing. "And I approve of it. Do you know, girl, what this man has done? He is not only a traitor to his country, but he has stolen your heart from those to whom it belongs. *Dorothy*, the highest court in the land, that of the *Sons of Liberty*, has decreed that *David Whittemore* be exiled, and it has done its duty."

Dorothy bit her lips, and said with forced composure, "Then hear what I have to say, mother. So long as you believe such things right; so long as you encourage kidnapping and violence, you will never see me in this house. I came here half hoping that you and *Charles* would help me save *David*, but you have proved to me that it is useless to seek your assistance."

She

She turned and left the room and the house. She did not stop until she reached the wharf, and was soon back at the Castle.

"Your Excellency," she said with firmness, "I will return with you to *Milton*. I have seen my mother, and fear I cannot go there again. God will be good to me, your Excellency, for I am doing right."

"My dear *Dorothy*," answered the Governor, "God will protect all who act according to their conscience. Come with me. I sail in the ship *Minerva* on the first of June, and you shall keep *Peggy* company. She will be lonely, and I have often thought that she should have a young friend with her. Be her companion, will you not?"

"Can I not do more for *David* here? Were it not for that thought I would willingly go."

"We will have all that is possible done before we leave, and afterwards Gen. *Gage* will investigate the matter. But I think we can do more in *England* than here, for there we shall not be under the eyes of the *Sons of Liberty*. I promise you that the matter shall be looked into at once. I have no fears that they will do him harm, for had they wished that, they could easily have done him an injury at the outset. No, they only desire to get him out of the way, for a time, and I do not think it will be difficult to find him."

"Then I will go with you," said *Dorothy*, simply.

"Oh! *Dorothy* dear," said *Peggy*, "I shall be so happy and so much less lonely if you are with me."

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXIII. *Wherein His Excellency bids Milton farewell.*

AFTER *Whittemore* was on board the brig, and it had weighed anchor, *Ezra* and *Charles* turned towards *Boston*. They went direct to the *White Cock* Tavern and ordered supper. "I am glad that's well over," said *Charles*. "I don't like to hurt the boy, but we must begin now to get rid of all such as know the secrets of the *Sons of Liberty*, for they are too sacred to be betrayed. They will treat him well on the brig?"

"Never fear. They have my orders, and Captain *Carpenter* will do anything for my father's son. Master *David* will be put on shore in a warm climate with all that he may desire. He won't get back here in a hurry, but I don't think he'll die. Now as to *Dorothy*. You don't intend leaving her at *Milton*. For God's sake, send for her, *Charles*, and get her away from there."

"*You* don't know her. She will never yield now, and you had better give her up. We have other things to think about than a foolish girl. Put her out of your mind, as her mother and brother must do, and think of your country."

"I can't put her out of my thoughts, *Charles*, but I will wait until she sees I am right. Do you think she'll suspect that we've had anything to do with *David's* disappearance?"

"How can she? She would never think of our re-

sorting to kidnapping. And even were she to imagine it, she wouldn't betray us, and if she did, who would dare touch us now? The *Sons of Liberty* are supreme, and before long they will be able to act openly, which I shall like much better. They say that *Hutchinson* sails for *England* in about two weeks. Thank God for that! for he is a fox and *Gage* is not. I would rather have the stupid fighter than the crafty statesman."

"I believe," replied *Ezra*, "that he expects to come back again, but I think he goes never to return."

"I hope so," said *Charles*. "By the way, did *Pete* go on the brig? He may be of use to us here."

"No, he is at the *Blue Hills*. I expect to have him do some more work before long."

It was now after midnight, and the tavern was deserted. *Caleb White* had got over his scruples about doing violence, because he considered that matters had come to such a pass that it was impossible to get justice otherwise. As a *Son of Liberty* he approved of removing *David*, providing no injury was done him. "We will remain here to-night," said *Ezra*, "as it is late and we have matters to attend to to-morrow which will necessitate an early rising."

"Very well," said *White*. "Everything is in readiness for you," and he lighted them to their rooms. They did not return to Mrs. *Doddridge's* until late the following afternoon, after *Dorothy* had been and gone. *Charles* noticed his mother's worried expression. "You look ill, dear mother," he said, "what has happened?"

"*Dorothy*

"*Dorothy* has been here. She has gone away still in the same spirit of rebellion. She is stubborn and lawless, and I fear will never come back to us again. It is a great grief to me, but she has made her own choice and must abide by it."

"Dear mother, I grieve too. But it must be so, and I can never own her as a sister so long as she behaves thus. She has wilfully abandoned us to join our enemies, and we must not consider her farther."

"Poor *Ezra!*" said his mother. "That she should treat such a loyal, loving heart with such contempt. I fear he will find it even harder to be reconciled."

"No, mother. He will be reasonable, for he has said as much to me."

"I am glad of that, for she is no longer worthy of his love."

There were many instances during the *War of the Revolution* of families being irremediably severed. As in all civil or quasi-civil conflicts, this was the inevitable result of circumstances,—the saddest part of such sad struggles.

Ezra in his folly had fancied that all that was necessary for his future happiness and success was the separation of *David* and *Dorothy*. He did not suspect that she would for a moment imagine that he had had any hand in it, and now that *David* was out of his way, he was planning to regain her favour, notwithstanding that he had told *Charles* that he would try to put her out of his thoughts. Mrs. *Doddridge* and her son said nothing to him of *Dorothy's* visit and abrupt departure, and he remained in ignorance of her knowledge of his complicity

complicity in the affair. It was about a week after the sailing of the brig that he decided to write to her and ask if she would see him, as he had many things to say. *Dorothy* took no notice of his letter, and on the first day of June he mounted his horse and started for *Milton*, determined to force an interview. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when he arrived at the Governor's house, and asked for Miss *Doddridge*.

"Miss *Doddridge*, Sir," said the servant, "left here this morning with His Excellency and Miss *Hutchinson*, and they are now on their way to *England*. If you will turn your head towards the harbour you will see their ship just sailing out from the Castle."

Ezra turned, and with an oath put spurs to his horse, and started for *Long Wharf*.

"Is there a ship sailing for *England?*" he asked upon arriving there.

"One will depart in two or three days," was the answer.

"I will take passage on her," said he. He returned, and without a word to his hosts, began preparations for his journey.

Ezra had been told the truth. *Dorothy* had made such arrangements as she could, and with the Governor and *Peggy* had left *Milton* early in the morning of June first. The day was bright and warm, the flowers in the garden were sweet and brilliant. They all went down to the ha-ha for a farewell look over the meadows; the Governor touched the trees, shrubs and vines tenderly, bidding each a silent farewell. *Elisha* had also come from *Middleboro'* to

go

go with them. As the time came for their departure the Governor gave one look at the place he loved so much; then turning away his head said with a sigh, to his son *Thomas*, "Take good care of everything until my return. Care especially for the grape-vines, whose fruit will give us a welcome home in the Fall. By the way, do not forget to send the first roses to Mrs. *Foye*."

The coach stood ready at the bottom of the gravel path leading from the house to the road. *Peggy*, *Dorothy* and *Elisha* got into it and were driven across the river to *Dorchester* Neck, where they waited for the Governor, who walked down *Milton Hill*, where he was greeted by a sight which moistened his eyes. On either side, the road was lined with the citizens of the town, who at the last moment had put aside their political feelings, and had gathered to bid the good neighbour and citizen a God-speed on his journey. With the exception of a few in the background, they all uncovered as he approached, and a faint cheer went up, hushed, however, as he raised his hand to check it. The first he met was his old tenant *Vose*. Going up to him he took his hand, saying as he looked about him, "I thank you for this demonstration of your good-will and kind hearts. God bless you, and when I come back may peace have forestalled me, and your lives have returned to their accustomed tranquillity."

And so he proceeded, bowing and shaking hands, until he finally entered his coach and was driven to *Dorchester* Point. "My God," he said as he dropped back in his seat, "these people love and honour

honour me, yet do not wish me to return. What a pity they cannot see the light!"

From the Point, they were rowed to the Castle, and *Thomas Hutchinson* cast a last look at that dear *New England* he loved so well, as they sailed in the *Minerva*, early that evening, for *England*.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXIV. *In which reſidence in a warmer Climate is ſhown to have its Diſadvantages.*

ABOUT THE time the *Minerva* had reached a point midway between *New England* and Old *England*, the brig *Dreadnaught* drew into a bay on the southern side of a little island in the South-eastern corner of the *Caribbean* Sea. The shore was rocky and precipitous, save at the head of the bay where a sandy beach formed a crescent, edged by a wood of palms and banyans. Seen from a distance, the island seemed like a high hill, but a closer view showed that this effect was given by the lofty pointed cliffs on the eastern shore. Apparently there was no access to it except by the little bay into which the brig had sailed, and this would not receive a vessel of much draft. As *David* had seen no land for some days, he had become convinced that he was to be left at a safe distance from any of the well-known islands, and was not surprised when the brig dropped anchor, and lay on placid waters unruffled by any breeze, and warmed by the burning tropical sun. The passage had been a smooth one, save for a tempest in the *Gulf Stream*, but the wind had been very light, and the Captain had become impatient at the slow progress made. *Whittemore* was impatient too, for he was in haste to be on shore, no matter where it might be. He felt that his chances of escaping from the brig were inconsiderable, while if left on shore he could think and plan, and

be

be his own master. He knew the folly of attempting resistance, and he was too proud to show emotion or fear at his position.

When the brig had come to anchor the Captain said, "Mr. *Whittemore*, it is my painful duty to leave you on this island. You will be well supplied with clothing and stores, and there is plenty of room for exercise, but I fear you will have little company. Is there anything you desire? If so you shall have it, if in my power to give it to you."

David looked at him with scorn, and answered, "I thank you, Captain. There is nothing I wish save that you put me on shore at once and leave me in peace. Stay, there is also this. Tell Mr. *Ezra Jaquith* that he has played a very pretty game, and that I appreciate his skill. Tell him also that many strange things happen in this world, and that he may yet regret what he has done."

"Into the boat then," shouted the Captain, turning to four sailors standing near. "Row the gentleman to the head of the bay, leave him and the goods, and then return. Lively, now!"

David went quietly down into the boat, and not long after was seated on a small chest on the sandy beach, watching the brig get under way.

When finally she had disappeared he arose and looked about him. He had kept the time from the brig's reckoning, so he knew that his watch would give it to him correctly. He found upon consulting it that it was a little after five in the afternoon. The sun was still high and scorching. He bathed his head in the salt water, picked up the small chest which had been left for him, and carried it into the shade of the overhanging cliff.

Had

Had he been foolish to offer no resistance? He thought not. The crew had undoubtedly orders to overpower and kill him, if necessary, and he had done the wisest thing, taking the only chance of ultimate liberty. To be sure his prospects were not bright, for *Jaquith* had probably sent him to an unfrequented island, off the course of passing vessels.

He wondered what the outcome of all this would be, and how long he would have to remain in this lonely place. Opening the chest he examined its contents. It held some clothing, provisions, tobacco, and several flasks of wine and spirits. These latter reminded him that if he wished to live he must have fresh water. He did not know that with one or two exceptions, there was no running water on the chain of islands of which this was one, so he proceeded to search for a spring and a suitable resting-place near one of the high cliffs, whence he could watch the sea for a passing vessel.

He entered a forest near by, keeping a close watch for water, and at last his search was rewarded by finding a little stream. The spot was not more than half a mile from the bay, and he could reach the crest of the highest cliff with ease.

Three weeks passed, and he neither met with an accident, nor saw any passing vessels. He had spent as much time on the cliffs as the burning rays of the sun permitted, and the lookout over the bay was such that he was satisfied the situation could not be bettered. He still had a good supply of food and drink, and the tropical fruit he gathered, with water from his spring, supplied all his needs.

He

He thought much of *Dorothy*, but he felt so certain of her safety in the hands of the Governor that he worried little, except for the shock his disappearance must have given her. But he reasoned rightly that she would suspect *Ezra* of having something to do with it, and knowing her strength of character, felt sure that she would not pine, but set to work at once in his behalf. All this consoled him, and made him doubly anxious to keep his head clear and his nerves steady.

He was at his post on the cliff thinking over all these things for the hundredth time, when he was suddenly aroused from his revery by the sight of a sail on the horizon. His heart bounded, and with a shout he sprang to his feet, waving branches he had arranged for that purpose. The sail grew smaller and smaller, and finally disappeared behind a projecting promontory in the direction of the South-east.

At no time had it been near enough to be signalled by the solitary man, and he had realized this, yet the disappointment was almost more than he could bear.

As the sun dropped behind the horizon, he descended the cliff and returned to his cave. The moon was bright in the heavens, and after supping he started out into the forest towards the bay, thinking the cool of the evening would refresh him. With his clasp-knife he had cut a heavy billet, for although there were no animals of any size to molest him, he felt companionship in it, and more security from the reptiles which at times annoyed him.

He

He had walked to the place where the trees ended and the shore began, when he was surprised to hear a splashing sound upon the waters of the bay. It was indistinct, but it was certainly there, and it grew louder and louder as he stood with his head bent forward to listen.

"A bird or a fish," he thought, and started forward again. No! it was not that. It was a regular splash, as of oars dipping in the water. He certainly had seen no signs of life on the island. And yet he became more and more convinced that the sound he heard could be made by nothing but a boat propelled by men's arms, so he slipped into a dark opening in the cliff and waited, looking down the moonlit bay.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXV. *Which treats of more than one surprising Adventure.*

HE had watched a few moments, when a dark object appeared on the water, and soon he could see the outline of a boat, and the moving backs and arms of several men. Then he felt his first real sensation of despair, and his over-wrought nerves gave way. He thought he saw it all now; *Jaquith* had sent out a second party to murder him. His hands sought his knife and club, and he determined this time to fight his way clear if possible. In a few moments the bow grated upon the sand, and one by one the men jumped out, and then hauled the boat up after them. They stopped and looked about them. He could not see their faces, but their forms were powerful. One of them pointed towards the spot where *David* was hidden, and they all started in that direction. His heart stood still, and he crouched down, holding his knife and stick tighter. He would have risked almost anything to get away from his prison, to which even death, had it not been for *Dorothy*, would be preferable. He was unnecessarily alarmed, however, for they passed his hiding place, and turning around the cliff, disappeared. What could they be in search of, if not of him? The idea of flight came into his head, and he was preparing to make a dash for their boat, when his attention was attracted by the sound of footsteps directly

 behind

behind him, seemingly in the same cleft in which he was hidden. He at once perceived that they had entered an opening near where he was, and in close proximity to him. But he could do nothing but wait, and trust that he would escape discovery. The footsteps at last stopped, and a voice said, "This is the place, Captain *Peasely*, and a bloody fine place it is, too. We stored our stuff here when I sailed in the *Black Betsey* fifteen years ago, and I don't believe a soul has set foot here since. Now that we've cleaned out that sloop and emptied her belly, you can use this for a ware-house."

"All right, my man," answered the one addressed. "It is certainly a good place, and I don't think we can do better. How large is this cave, and how much will it hold?"

"I should say about forty feet square, Sir, and it will hold all you'll get this season. I wish we could have caught that d—d *Yankee*, Sir. She looked like a good one."

"Yes, she was certainly a skimmer. What was her name? Did you notice?"

"*Dreadnaught*, Sir. Blast them *Yankees;* I have a wish to get hold of one and shake him up."

"You're right," said a voice which had not been heard before, "if ever I get aboard of one of 'em I'll slash away with a will."

"Well, my men, I agree with you in all this," said the Captain, "but we have work to do before daylight, and plenty of it."

"Aye, aye," said the others, and they went out of the cave, returned to the boat, and rowed away. *David* now trembled from head to foot. With a supreme

supreme effort, however, he controlled himself, and going out into the air, walked feverishly up and down the beach. He now felt that he might soon be a free man, but that he must strike boldly, and with apparent confidence.

He knew from what he had overheard that the men would soon come back to hide their ill-gotten goods; so he waited, intending to speak to the Captain, and try to persuade him to take him off. In the course of an hour he heard the boat approaching up the bay, and he drew a long breath, for he knew that what he did now meant life or death to him. The boat was beached. This time it was piled high with some kind of merchandise, and six men disembarked. They quietly unloaded the "stuff," and left it, while they all went with torches to examine the cave. *David* remained quiet until they were well inside, then slipping out ran down towards the boat to await their return.

He saw the flicker of the torches as they came one by one into view, and manned himself for a desperate effort. They did not notice him until close upon him, and then he was covered by six pistols, accompanied by as many oaths. He folded his arms, looked from one to the other, and said slowly, "Wait a moment, my friends, and don't kill one who may be of service to you. Will you let me speak, Captain *Peasely?* or shall they shoot?"

On hearing his name spoken in this place and by a stranger, the Captain started.

"D—n it! How do you know my name, Sir, and what are you doing in such a place as this?"

"First,"

"First," answered *David*, "request your men to put up their weapons. Thank you. Now before I answer your question, let me ask you one. Do you wish to own the brig *Dreadnaught*, the fastest in all these seas?" The Captain started again. "If so," he continued, "listen quietly to me, and do as I say."

"I would answer you 'Yes' if I thought you could do anything," answered *Peasely*, eyeing him suspiciously. "But don't attempt to spin any yarns; it won't do."

"Take me from here, and you shall have that brig," was *David's* reply.

"Why should I believe such nonsense as this?" replied the Captain with an oath. "How are you to give her to me?"

"Listen. I am *David Whittemore*, of *Boston*, in the Province of *Massachusetts Bay*, and because I am a loyal subject, I have been kidnapped and brought to this island to die. You ask what that has to do with the *Dreadnaught?*"

"I do," said *Peasely*, "and I don't want any fooling. You'll give us good proof of what you say, or we'll bury you here."

"Well, I'll satisfy you then. It was the owner of the brig, Mr. *Ezra Jaquith*, who had me waylaid and brought here, and I have sworn a solemn oath that if ever I leave this place I will be revenged. If you inform the authorities that it was *Jaquith* who got me out of the way, I will see that you have the brig. If you prefer to take her yourself, I'll help you to find her. If you shoot me or leave me on this island, you'll never have her, for you will not dare

to

to go to the government without me. What do you say? Is it agreed?"

"What shall it be, boys? Take him, or leave him?" said the Captain, addressing his men.

"Take him," said the voice *David* had first heard in the cave. "I want a voyage on that brig."

"Mr. *Whittemore*," said *Peasely*, "we'll take you on one condition. You shall not leave the *Night Hawk* until the brig is mine. I'll do this because you are loyal to *England*, and I hate the *Yankees*. But remember that you are to swear that you'll never say who it was who took the brig."

"Fear nothing," answered *David*. "Long before that time comes I shall prove to you that I am to be trusted."

He then gave what remained of the wine and spirits to the Captain to distribute among the crew. He had scarcely touched them himself, for he was wise enough to know that it would do him little good in that hot climate. The next morning he was on the poop of the brig, watching the little island disappearing below the southern horizon. His face wore a bitter smile, and he muttered as the last cliff dropped out of sight, "Now, Master *Ezra*, we shall see who will prevail!"

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXVI. *In which a Servant says that His Excellency is not at home.*

THE *Night Hawk* was an *English* built brig of about one hundred and fifty tons, sparred and rigged for speed in light weather, but unsafe for the Northern *Atlantic* in the rough season. In July, however, she could proceed towards *New England* without anxiety to her crew, and she was able to overhaul most of the craft that crossed her path.

The commander was a young man of not more than three-and-twenty years of age, new to the trade of a pirate, but a thorough sailor, having been to sea since boyhood.

The crew numbered fifteen in all, including the master, and the mate *Bill Saunders*, an old salt of about fifty years of age, who had sailed over all the seas, and in every capacity. Like Captain *Peasely* he hated the colonists, and for the last few months they had both devoted especial attention to annoying *American* ships.

The Captain had often wished that he might have a fleeter craft, and when giving chase to the *Dreadnaught*, became convinced that he had found what he had been seeking, and resolved that he would do all in his power to win her.

But having recently stripped a small sloop of her belongings, he was heavy laden, and felt the necessity of lightening his brig before attempting the *Dreadnaught's* capture. He had consulted *Bill*

Saunders as to a suitable place in which to dispose of the cargo, and the mate, who fifteen years before had sailed with a notorious pirate in the *Black Betsey*, told him of the island and its cave. It was not on any chart, but he had no difficulty in finding it.

At *David's* appearance, *Peasely* had suspected that the mate had got him into a trap, which feeling was soon dispelled, however, by the demeanor and language of the stranger. On learning his knowledge of the *Dreadnaught*, he remembered that he had met the brig coming from the direction of the island and evidently bound for the coast of *North America*. These facts seemed to lend probability to the story, and so he decided to take *David* on board to be held a prisoner until he should secure the brig.

Once on water, *David* laid plans for the future. He would not betray *Peasely*, for he felt that come what might he was his rescuer, and that through him he might have revenge.

The Captain put aside all thoughts of other prizes, concentrating his energies on the one object in view. For more than two weeks the winds were light, and the brig seemed to crawl through the water. Then a breeze from the south-east sprung up, and early in August they entered *Massachusetts Bay*, casting anchor off *Braintree* late in the afternoon. *David* would have given much to go to *Milton*, but he was closely watched, and knew he was still a prisoner. He therefore dismissed the subject with a sigh.

"Mr.

"Mr. *Whittemore*," said *Peasely*, approaching him after the brig had dropped anchor, "we've taken a long trip at your recommendation, and I hope for your sake as well as our own, that you have not deceived us. We're in close quarters here, and it won't do to take too many chances for nothing. What are you going to do now?"

"I have thought it all over," answered *David*. "There is in the Castle yonder a friend of mine who can be trusted. I'll write to him to come on board your brig, and two of your most trusted men may carry the letter to him. I have reasons for believing he'll come, and that he can give us the information that we need."

"Now look here, Mr. *Whittemore*," said the Captain with a suspicious look, "do you think me a fool? Do you suppose I will allow you to write to the Castle, as you call it, and get the officers down on me? If you have nothing better to propose we'll set sail again."

"You don't understand me," said *David* quietly. "I intend that you shall read the letter and approve it. Doesn't that satisfy you?"

"No, it does not," said the other. "If he is brought here he'll have to be taken back again, and then before we can get under way, one of those frigates will be down after us."

"I think," replied *David*, "that if he is willing to trust himself with your men, and on your ship, you shouldn't hesitate to have confidence in him. Do as I say, Captain, and you will not regret it. Besides, it may be the means of finding the ship. She must have been here, and there is no other way of learning where she has sailed."

The

The Captain walked up and down the deck, and then stopped before *Whittemore*. "You've appeared honest since you have been on the *Night Hawk*, and perhaps I ought to trust you. But mind one thing. You'll be on the brig after your friend leaves, and if there's treachery, so sure as my name is *Jim Peasely*, I'll have you lashed to the foremast and made a target for my men to practice on."

"I agree to that," answered *David* smiling. He went below, and soon returned with a letter to Captain *Fairweather*. Captain *Peasely* approving it, the mate and one of the crew jumped into the boat, and were soon out of sight.

It was some hours before the boat returned. The letter had not been delivered, for Captain *Fairweather* was not at the Castle.

"Now, Mr. *Whittemore*, what next?" asked *Peasely*. "We can't fool away our time in this way. Shall we put out to sea?"

"As you like. But if you do so, you'll lose what you've come for."

"I think," said *Peasely*, "that we have learned about all we can from you, and that we can do about as well without you as with you. If the boat is about here, we can find her. I'll wait until sunrise, and if you think of nothing before then I shall have to get rid of you in some way."

"Captain *Peasely*," said *David* unmoved, "I have spoken to you honestly. I have as much reason as you can have for wishing to find the *Dreadnaught*, and can still assist you. Don't be hasty. I wish to help you, but first let me go on land. It isn't yet midnight, and you have strong men on the brig.

Get

Get into the boat with me and two others, and row me to *Milton* by the way of the *Neponset* River. It's a long pull, but we can be there and back before daylight. Bind me, gag me if you wish, but go where I say, and do what I ask you."

"Very well," answered *Peasely*, "I will give you this chance. I suppose we've a right to row on these waters. Muffle the oars," he continued, turning to two sailors. "We'll go."

He seated himself opposite *David* with his pistol on his knee. On reaching the bank of the river at the foot of the Governor's field, *David* motioned to them to draw in to land.

"Now," he said, "you may put on the gag if you see fit."

"We'll not do it here. We've a good watch on you, and the place seems quiet."

"Very well then, send one of your men up over the field to the house across the road. Let him rouse them, and ask Mr. *Thomas Hutchinson*, the Governor's son, to come to this place to see me."

"Mr. *Whittemore*," said *Peasely*, "if you'll give me your solemn word that you will come back with me, I'll accompany you, and let you do your own errand. I don't think you'll try to escape me."

"I thought you would come to trust me," replied *David.*

The two men went up the hill, *Whittemore* leading the way. The night was dark and all was still about the house. *David* went to the front door and pounded the knocker vigorously. There was no response and he repeated his loud knockings, until the Captain

tain warned him that the noise might reach other ears.

"This is strange," said he, "some one should certainly hear us. Come round the house, and try the other door." They did so without success.

"And now to the farmhouse." Making their way through the garden they rapped on the door. After a few moments a window was raised, and a voice with a strong Scotch accent asked, "Who is there? What do ye want at this time o' night?"

"Where is Mr. *Hutchinson?*" asked *David.*

"If you mean His Excellency, he's in *England.* Mr. *Thomas* is at the Castle, and will not return here soon, I fear."

"And Miss *Doddridge?*" asked *David*, his voice trembling.

"She has gone to *England* wi' them. But this is a fine time o' night to be wakin' one and askin' one questions. Who be ye, anyhow?"

"I'm Mr. *Whittemore*, and mean no harm. I think you know my name."

"Him that is dead!" said the gardener, shutting the window with a slam.

"Return to the boat, Captain," said *David*, "I'm your prisoner again. We will start for the open sea as soon as we reach the brig, and wait off *Cape Cod* awhile in the hope of seeing the *Dreadnaught.* If this fails, do with me as you like."

Just as the red light of dawn was beginning to show itself over the bay, the *Night Hawk* set sail before a fair wind, reaching *Cape Cod* about noon.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXVII. *In which the reader Witneſſes a Naval Engagement.*

DESPAIR overcame *David.* The sail down the bay that August morning, was far more painful to him than the one he had taken in the *Dreadnaught* two months before. Then he had hopes of ultimate liberty; now all seemed to be against him. Captain *Fairweather* was away from the Castle; *Thomas Hutchinson* was at the Castle, and the *Milton* house was deserted; while *Dorothy* was on the other side of the wide ocean! *Peasely* had begun to lose faith in him, and he was eyed with looks of angry suspicion by all on board the brig.

They passed a few small fishing vessels and one large schooner before reaching the Cape, but for some hours no sail had been seen. It was late in the afternoon, and *David* was leaning over the rail watching the water rush by, when he was startled by the voice of the man on the lookout calling, "A sail! Brig to the Sou'east, Sir. Looks like that *Yankee.*"

In a moment *David* had sprung to his feet and rushed forward.

"Give me the glass, Captain. If it is the *Dreadnaught*, I shall know her. I have had a pretty close acquaintance with her."

With a trembling hand he covered the vessel. "Captain *Peasely*," he said, his voice choking, "Now's your chance. That's the *Dreadnaught!*"

"Clear the decks," shouted the Captain. "Batten

 down

down everything. To your guns, Master *Saunders*. Crowd on all sail and make for her."

As they were out of sight of land, with no other vessels visible, the opportunity seemed propitious. The *Dreadnaught* was still some miles away, but was evidently in no hurry, and suspected nothing, for she was beating leisurely towards *Cape Cod* under light sail. It was an easy task for the pirate to intercept her passage, and when within a few hundred yards of her, *Saunders* sent a shot across her bows which made her stagger. In a moment she came about, and was bowling before the wind. Captain *Carpenter* had been taken entirely by surprise. *Peasely* knew too well that if she once got under way his prize would be lost, so he fired again, this time directly at the brig. The shot was well aimed, and with a crash the lower fore-topsail yard fell overboard, carrying the great foresail with it. There it hung, dragging in the water and impeding the brig's way. In a few moments, however, the wreck was cleared, and floated in her wake. Even without her foresail, the *Dreadnaught* was almost a match for the pirate. But she had been much delayed, and *Carpenter*, fearing that another shot might stop him, prepared for fighting, answering *Peasely* with his little cannon, but without effect. The latter did not wish to injure his prize further, and as he was gaining on her every moment, ceased firing. At last he came along-side, and at the risk of a serious collision, grappled her. There were only eight men all told on the *Dreadnaught*, none of them fighters save the Captain, so the struggle was short, and in less than half an

an hour the crew was overpowered and securely bound. Captain *Carpenter* had resisted nobly, but with three or four desperate fellows on top of him, had been able to do nothing more than give a few blows with his cutlass, none of which were serious. The captain of the *Dreadnaught* did not notice *David* among his adversaries until, when bound, he saw a dark figure standing over him. "Mr. *Whittemore*," he gasped, "how came you here? Is it your ghost?"

"It's nothing of the kind," replied *David*, with a mocking smile. "It is he in the flesh whom you were kind enough to take on a trip to the sunny islands of the *Caribbean* Sea. Did you give Mr. *Jaquith* my message?"

"I did not, Mr. *Whittemore*, for the reason that he's in *England*, d—n him! and I've been hovering about this coast for some time at a loss what to do. But it seems now that I needn't have any further anxiety."

"You are safe in my hands, Captain *Carpenter*," replied *David*. "You treated me as well as you knew how, on our last voyage, and you shall be treated likewise. Will you do me a favour?" added he, turning to Captain *Peasely*.

"That I will," answered *Peasely*, "and heartily."

"Then let *Saunders* man the *Night Hawk* and take our friends here and land them somewhere on the coast. Give them provisions, but don't make it a pleasure trip for them to get back to *Boston*. Then when the *Dreadnaught's* foresail is repaired, take me to *England* and leave me there."

"All right," said the Captain. "You'll always have

a friend in me. Trust me to make 'em comfortable," he added, with a wink.

Before long, the *Night Hawk* was headed towards the North, and the *Dreadnaught* towards *England*.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXVIII. *How England receives Accessions from the Colonies.*

AFTER a wearisome passage, during which all suffered much discomfort, the ship *Minerva* drew into *Dover* Harbour on the twenty-ninth day of June, 1774. Poor *Mark* had died on the way, but with this exception the little party was well.

To all except the Governor these scenes were new, and the line of the *English* coast as it appeared from the Channel affected each traveller differently. To one alone was it a real pleasure to see it, and he hailed it with satisfaction. This was *Elisha Hutchinson*, for like his brother *Thomas*, he was so bitter against his native land, that it had little place in his heart, and he was glad to get away from it. *Peggy* looked upon the trip as a vacation, in which to enjoy new scenes, and see new faces. But to His Excellency and *Dorothy* this journey meant a great deal, and their feelings were of a deeper and more serious nature.

The Governor had much on his mind, for he had promised himself to save his country were it possible. His first thought was directed towards this end, and he was constantly in his cabin, busy with papers, making notes and memoranda. Now that he was so near his destination he grew impatient, and was in haste to reach *London*, that he might present the petitions he had with him, which he intended to strengthen as much as possible by his

 own

own arguments in behalf of his countrymen. After this was done he would have ample time for rest and recreation.

On the morning following their arrival they started in post-chaises for *London*, by the way of *Canterbury* and *Rochester*, reaching their lodgings in *Parliament* Street late in the afternoon. The Governor's youngest son, *Billy*, was waiting for them, having prepared everything for their reception. *Dorothy* kept a brave heart, feeling that all would turn out well if she only had the courage to wait patiently. The others had treated her with the greatest kindness, cheering her with their encouraging words, and the Governor had promised that all should be done that was possible. She was much changed, for she had suffered almost more than she could bear. That *David* would keep up his courage and do the best he could, she well knew. And she felt sure that if by any means he was able to return to *Milton*, he would lose no time in following her to *England*, and she would then have him all to herself, away from his enemies and persecutors.

So the days and weeks passed on; the Governor had interviews with *George III*, and his ministers, and hopelessly struggled against their stubborn stupidity; *Dorothy* and *Peggy* were much together, save when the latter's father required her company at some rout or levee, which the unfortunate man was obliged to attend, though with much reluctance. But he could not offend the powers, or his last hope of a reconciliation would be lost.

It

It was towards the end of August that the Governor, beginning to despair of turning the King from his obstinate course, accepted an invitation to *Caxton* to visit Dr. *Murray*, whose daughter had been a passenger on the *Minerva* under his care.

"I shall be glad of a little fresh air," he said to the girls, "and it will do you both good. We will go in my coach,which will be much better than a hackney. Perhaps a little quiet thought will persuade His Majesty that I am right, and that his ministers are only fanning the flame of rebellion. But my dear people will know that I have done what I can for them, whether I succeed or not."

"You have done all you can at present, your Excellency," said *Dorothy*. "And I thank you so much for what you have done in *David's* behalf. Does Lord *Dartmouth* have hopes of finding him and punishing the criminals? You remember your promise not to let anyone know of our suspicions about *Charles*, for I cannot break my mother's heart."

"Were it advisable I should mention their names. But it would do little good. They do as they please in *Boston* now, and the law has little terror for them. I think all that is possible will be done by Lord *Dartmouth*. That *David* is safe, and will eventually return to us, I am sure. Be brave and patient, *Dorothy* dear, and all will go well."

It was on the first day of September that they left *Golden* Square, where they were now living. Passing through *Epping Forest*, by the way of *Cambridge*, they reached *Norwich* on the third day, arriving

arriving at Dr. *Murray's* villa at *Caxton* a little later.

Shortly after the Governor and his party had passed through *Norwich*, the post-coach from *Yarmouth* stopped before the *Sign of the Red Lion*, a small inn within the historic walls of the town. There were perhaps half a dozen passengers, most of whom were merchants' agents coming to attend to the shipping of stuffs manufactured in the old town, and exported to all parts of the civilized world. But there was one, however, who had come for another purpose, and who took little interest in the affairs of his fellow-travellers.

David Whittemore had been landed a few days before at a little fishing village near *Yarmouth*, and was on his way to *London* to seek the Governor and *Dorothy*.

Before his unexpected trip on the *Dreadnaught*, his knowledge of the world had been confined to the vicinity of *Boston*. Since that May day, however, he had travelled far, and now he was in that old *England* of which he had heard so much. The country about him was low and swampy, with long stretches of marshes threaded by little tortuous streams, and dotted with numberless lagoons. He thought the scene not unlike that from the *Neponset* River, though of much vaster dimensions, and with no background save the rolling downs. After a wearisome walk he entered the town, and the following morning took the coach for *Norwich*. Everything was strange and interested him deeply. The maritime town of *Yarmouth* with its wharves, shipping, and houses of pebbles laid in mortar;

mortar; the little fishing vessels, manned by short, thickset, honest-faced sons of the ocean; the barges coming and going on the river; all these things were pleasant to him, for they were the signs of peaceful industry, and he thought what a happy land it seemed, free from strife and worry. When the coach passed through the gate, and entered the narrow street of *Norwich*, he breathed more freely, for he felt that now he was truly his own master once more.

The quaint old *Red Lion* was a quiet inn, frequented for the most part by commercial travellers. He secured a room, and having dined, went out and after purchasing a travelling outfit, strolled about. In 1774 *Norwich* was a large and busy town, and its forty thousand souls were industrious and contented. Its manufactures were many, and its commerce large and prosperous. But it had little or no trade with the *American* Colonies, and was therefore unaffected by the state of affairs there. One of the most ancient towns in *England*, it retained the imprint of its many masters, and the outlook over the heaths, fields, farms and villages, ruined castles and modern mansions, and the rivers *Yare* and *Wensum* winding towards the sea, was exceedingly beautiful. But *David's* heart grew heavy as he contrasted this peaceful town with his own dear *Boston*, and with a feeling of sadness he returned to the inn, and retired to his room.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXIX.

Wherein Mr. Whittemore finds Enemies near at hand.

WHEN *David* was captured, he had a sum of money in his pouch, fortunately mostly in good coin. He figured that it would carry him to *London* and perhaps last for a short time after his arrival there, but he would have to be very sparing of it. Captain *Peasely* had offered to supply him with all he needed, but he could not bring himself to accept money from him. It was agreed, however, that the brig should be, on the first of October, off where he had landed, and remain there for one week in case he should wish to return to *America.*

He had been occupied, after entering his room, in examining his new purchases, and counting his remaining funds, when his attention was attracted by a voice in the corridor passing his door. The next moment he heard someone enter the room adjoining his, and then all was quiet.

He had not caught more than half a dozen words, but he was sure that the voice was a familiar one, and it made a great impression on him.

"I am a little excited after all my recent experiences," he said, half aloud. "There was certainly something that reminded me of *Charles Doddridge* in that voice, and yet it is impossible. I'll try to hear it again just to satisfy myself that my nerves are overwrought."

Rising quietly he walked over to the wall separating him from the adjoining room and listened, but could hear nothing. Returning to his chair he put the matter out of his mind, and began his preparations for his departure for *London* on the following morning.

A few moments later there was a rap on the door, and the landlord entered. He was just like a hundred other men *David* had seen in the streets in the afternoon; short, thick and ruddy.

"Did you drop this?" he said, holding towards him a pouch of leather. "It was found near where the coach stops, but we don't know whether it was you who lost it, or one of the gentlemen who came down from *London*."

"Let me see it," said *David* holding out his hand. The man hesitated but gave it to him.

"No, it is not mine. It must belong to one of the other gentlemen."

"They are in the room next to yours, Sir. I will go to them and ask if the pouch be theirs."

"Wait. Did you say they were in the next room? What are they like? Do you think they are Americans?"

"I can't say, Sir."

"When do they leave?" asked *David*, the recollection of the voice he had heard beginning to trouble him.

"They stay the night, but further than that I don't know. They remain in their room most of the time, and they sup there to-night."

"I will sup in my room also. Perhaps I may have a chance to see them later."

After

After the man had gone, *David* thought, "I'll watch, and if they go out, I'll follow them and satisfy myself."

At about ten o'clock he heard the door of the adjoining room open, and then footsteps in the passageway. He opened his door a crack and peeped out. As he did so the forms of *Ezra Jaquith* and *Charles Doddridge* passed before him, and went down the stairway. His window overlooked the street. Rushing to it he saw the two young men go out.

"What does this mean?" thought *David*. "I have been through many strange experiences during the past few months, but nothing equal to this. Either these men are *Charles* and *Ezra*, or I am losing my mind. They must be here for a purpose, and it must be to find *Dorothy*, for they can't possibly know of my presence here. I'll follow them."

Wrapping his cloak about him he stole out and he could distinctly see the two figures ahead of him. Passing in the shadow of the houses along the narrow winding streets, the two men went through *St. Ethelbert* gate. Then skirting the close of the *Norman* cathedral, whose lofty spire stood out boldly in the moonlight against the autumn sky, they mounted the walls, and soon were lost in the shadow of the adjoining tower.

David had taken a pistol and sword from the brig, so felt that he could defend himself if necessary, but he had no desire to provoke an attack. He crept along, still keeping in the shadow of the walls, until on reaching the base of the tower he crouched down and listened.

The

The men had stopped on the opposite side, and were now engaged in earnest conversation, every word of which *David* could hear.

"Where did you say they were?" said *Charles*, in a sad voice.

"They are with a Dr. *Murray*, whose daughter came with them on the *Minerva*. I learnt this in *London*. The house is about two miles from the town, but in what direction I don't know."

"We'll go there to-morrow. She'll not refuse to see me when she hears her poor mother's dying words of forgiveness, and her request that I should find her and bring her back."

"We'll do nothing of the sort," answered *Ezra* with irritation. "We will go to-night, and take her by force if necessary. I am tired of your hesitating ways, *Charles*. Do you really suppose she would come with us? You don't know your sister as well as I do."

"You have persuaded me to do one act of this kind of which I sorely repent," said *Charles* sternly. "But your head was turned then as well as now. What you propose is not only wrong but impracticable. We will return to the inn, and in the morning when you are less excited you'll see that I am right."

"If you will not go with me, I'll go alone. I don't intend to be put off longer."

"You will come back to the inn with me, *Ezra*. We'll talk the matter over quietly in our room. No one can hear us there. I will not allow you to go to-night, so don't attempt to do so."

"Then it will be to-morrow night," answered *Ezra*

ra angrily. "I will wait until then, but not later. I agree to this because it is perhaps better to secure more information before acting. But to-morrow night it shall be."

"Come," said *Charles*, "the gates close at eleven o'clock. Hurry, or we'll have difficulty in getting back."

David waited for them to pass, and then followed again. The moon was now behind a cloud, and he was obliged to pick his way carefully, but when once in the streets of the town he had no trouble in keeping them in sight. Waiting outside until he saw a light in their window, he entered the inn and before going to his room, said to the landlord, "Can you tell me where a Dr. *Murray* lives within about two miles from here?"

"At *Caxton*, Sir. By enquiring on leaving the town you cannot miss it. They tell me that the late Governor of one of those infernal Colonies is there."

"Call me at sunrise to-morrow," said *David*, and went to bed.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXX. *Journeys end in Lovers' Meetings.*

EARLY the following morning *David* quitted the *Sign of the Red Lion* and passed out of the *Thorp* Gate, towards *Kett's* Castle. He knew that it would be useless to seek *Caxton* at that hour, and felt that a walk about the fields and over the downs would put his nerves in better condition for the ordeal of his meeting with *Dorothy*. In the early sunlight the thirty spires of *Norwich* presented a lovely picture, and the long stretches of meadow and heath, with their winding streams and their farms dotted here and there, were peculiarly picturesque streaked by morning shadows.

Seeing a somewhat thickly settled spot a few miles distant, *David* concluded that it must be the place he sought, and descending the hill started towards it. In less than an hour he found himself in a small village shaded by green trees.

There was nothing to remind him of *New England*, and he was not sorry to forget that land of trouble and turmoil for a time, and to wander mid strange surroundings, his own master. It was a Providence that had stopped his going to *London*, and it made him shudder to think what would happen if he did not prevent it. It was probable that *Charles* would restrain his companion so far as it lay in his power to do so, but *Jaquith* was a villain in *David's* estimation, and he was happy to know that he could forestall him. For once good fortune

 seemed

seemed to favour him, and it was with a light heart that he accosted a man, evidently an artisan, and enquired the way to Dr. *Murray's* villa.

It was not far from eight o'clock when he entered a long avenue of overhanging trees. As he did so a feeling of terror seized him. His pent-up excitement was beginning to tell on him, and a dread of meeting *Dorothy* and the Governor took possession of him. But before he had gone many steps he had recovered his self-possession, and looked about him. Surrounded by shrubs, and backed by an old garden, he saw the front of a brick mansion. He hesitated a moment; then with a firm step went up to the door, and with a trembling hand shook the knocker.

"Tell His Excellency, Governor *Hutchinson*, that Mr. *David Whittemore* would like to speak with him," he said to the servant who opened the door. The man bowed, showed him to the drawing-room, and retired.

The Governor was always an early riser, and *David* did not have to wait long before he heard a well known step in the hall, coming rapidly towards him. The next moment both his hands were grasped, and for some time neither was able to speak.

"*David*," said the Governor at last, "this is indeed a happy moment for me. I have had no real anxiety about you, for I knew that you had set sail for somewhere on *Jaquith's* brig, and I was sure that it was only some prank of those hot-headed young patriots, and that you would turn up safe and sound. I have done all in my power to have the matter sifted,

ed, but so far without success. But how are you? Tell me of your travels and experiences. What a happy day this will be for *Dorothy*. She is with me and is well," continued he, reading *David's* thoughts. "I have not told her of your being here, but I have told *Peggy*, and she will prepare *Dorothy* to see you."

For nearly an hour *David* sat by the Governor and told him his story. The latter's face grew stern and angry as he said with warmth, "This is really more serious than I thought. These fellows must be brought to justice. You say they'll be here to-day in search of *Dorothy?* Can they expect that I will give her into their murderous hands? No, *David*, it is impossible."

"Your Excellency," said *David* gently, "I believe that *Charles* is honest and sincere in his beliefs. I feel sure that his head was turned, and that he repents having raised his hand against me. He is really patriotic, believing that our country has suffered unjustly, as I believe, and you believe, your Excellency. I should have agreed with him in all his views had not the *Sons of Liberty* gone too far. But he is now broken-hearted, and we must spare him, but punish the other, who is a black-hearted villain. He planned the plot against me because I was *Dorothy's* accepted suitor; not because I was a loyalist and a friend of your Excellency. He has come here for his own selfish ends, while *Charles* has come to implore his sister to return home. Don't you see a difference?"

"I do, indeed! Poor girl, how she has suffered!" He was silent a moment, and then added, "I love

New

New England and its people, and have tried to help them since I have been here, but it has availed little. Yet I still hope that everything will be arranged before I go back to *Milton*."

Of the meeting of *David* and *Dorothy* little need be said. After the first happy moments he told her his story, which she heard with horror. Then she gave him an account of her leaving *Milton* and of her life in *England*.

"I don't like it here," she said, "and I've had many sad, weary hours. His Excellency and *Peggy* are most kind and sympathetic, but they are much occupied with business and social duties. However," she added, "being alone has not been unwelcome to me, for I have been too preoccupied to afford much entertainment to others, though I have tried to repay them by a cheerful manner. But it has all been very, very hard for me. Now, dearest, I have you back again and I am happy."

"And you must forgive *Charles*, as I do," said *David*, taking her hand. "He has suffered so much, and will be so alone without your poor mother."

"I will forgive him since you do. Dear mother! I suppose she did what she thought was right, God bless her!" And *Dorothy* wept bitterly for the first time since she had left her mother's house.

After breakfast they started for *Wells*, on the North coast of *Norfolk*, the Governor having requested Dr. *Murray* that, if two young men should enquire for them, they should be told that they had returned to *London*. It was agreed between them that on their arrival *Charles* should be sought out and forgiven, and that *Ezra* should be handed over to justice as soon as possible.

They

They reached the Governor's house in *Golden* Square in safety, and the lovers seemed to see the dawning of a brighter day as they recalled the pleasant hours in the beautiful garden in *Milton.*

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXI. *How Mr. Jaquith made a new friend.*

TOWARDS the end of July *Ezra Jaquith* had arrived in *London*, from *America*. He had made several attempts to get an interview with *Dorothy*, and had written the Governor begging that he might visit them, but had been repulsed in every effort. Towards the end of August he received a letter from *Charles Doddridge* announcing his mother's sudden death, and his intention of sailing at once for *England* in search of *Dorothy*. He had also written to his sister, so she knew the sad news before she saw *David*, and her heart was sore, for in spite of all she loved her mother. *Charles* reached *London* some days after Governor *Hutchinson* and the young ladies had left for *Norwich*, of which fact *Ezra* had been informed. They decided to follow them, and entreat *Dorothy* to forget all disagreements and return to *Boston* with them.

At first *Ezra* appeared reasonable and willing to yield to *Charles's* better judgment, but after reaching *Norwich* the latter noticed something strange in his companion's manner. He had always looked upon *Jaquith* as an honest, well-meaning man, and though somewhat violent, a true patriot, and a fit companion for his sister. But now *Ezra* threw aside his mask, and showed his true character.

Charles had long since repented the part he had taken in *David's* kidnapping, although he had

 thought

thought the act itself just and proper at the time. But he did not know until they reached *Norwich* that *Ezra's* real motive was revenge, and not the interests of his country.

When the coach stopped before the *Sign of the Red Lion*, their minds were filled with far differing thoughts. *Charles* was looking forward to finding *Dorothy* with a heart full of brotherly affection, for he had no doubt that she and her friends would receive him kindly and forgive him when all was explained.

Ezra, on the other hand, was sullen and seemed excited, which fact attracted *Charles's* attention. When they had reached their room, he began pacing it impatiently, and finally stopping before his friend, he said, "*Charles*, we have come down here to get your sister away from those people. How do you intend to accomplish it?"

"I have told you that they will not refuse to see me when I explain everything. Why do you ask me this question? And why in this manner? I don't like it."

"Because I think you don't know what you are doing," answered *Ezra* quickly. "It may be all right for you, but I have come here to get her for myself, and I intend to do it."

"You are excited, *Ezra*. You will feel differently by to-morrow, after a little rest and quiet thought. My plan is the best, and the only one I'll sanction."

Ezra did not answer, but began pacing the room again.

"Come," said *Charles*, "we have ordered dinner. Let's eat it quietly and then talk matters over."

Later,

Later, after their return from the walls of the town, where they had been overheard by *David Whittemore*, *Ezra* was in a yet more sombre mood. He had made up his mind to get possession of *Dorothy* by fair means or foul, and would now stop at nothing.

The room they occupied was a large one with two windows overlooking the street, and two beds, one at each side. *Ezra's* was that nearest the door. "I will sit up a little while longer," said he, in a somewhat more cheerful tone. "You are right. I am over-excited, and have spoken foolishly. I shall feel better in the morning."

The night was clear, and the moon still shining. When he was satisfied that *Charles* was asleep he put out the light, and after a few moments threw himself heavily on his bed. Listening, and hearing no sound from the other side of the room, he arose quietly, and taking possession of the few effects he had with him, stole out through the door and into the street.

The town seemed deserted, and the sound of his own footsteps made him start as he went along in the shadow of the buildings. Creeping to the wall where it seemed to be low, he let himself down and took the nearest path, not knowing where it might lead.

It would have been wiser for him to have taken *Charles's* advice and to have waited until morning. But brooking no control, and mad with love and the desire for revenge, he had formed a plan in his excited brain to seek *Caxton*, and by some means obtain access to *Dorothy*, and abduct her.

As

As it was, however, he lost his way, and when the sun arose over the *Yare* he could see the spires of *Norwich* many miles to the eastward.

"Damnation and fiends!" he said, stamping his foot. "I've gone astray, and if I'm not careful *Charles* will be there ahead of me, and my last chance will be gone. I must enquire the way as soon as I see any one."

Shortly after, he met a man crossing the fields, who told him that *Caxton* was about twelve miles distant at the other side of *Norwich.*

With another oath, he started forward, but it was noon when he reached Dr. *Murray's*, dusty and footsore.

"They have gone to *London*, Sir," said the man, eyeing him with suspicion.

"Has anyone been here since they went?" he asked. "Yes, Sir. There was a tall young gentleman who returned to *Norwich* on learning they were not here."

Ezra was now in a rage, and walked away, muttering to himself. "What a fool I was to leave *Charles*, and not learn the way here before attempting it at night. I can't go back to *Norwich*, for he must suspect my reasons for leaving him so suddenly."

So being directed to a small inn, he made arrangements for a post-chaise in which to be driven to *Newmarket*, where he arrived late in the evening.

The principal street of the town, a poor way, was nearly deserted, save for two or three half-drunken stable-boys who had been making merry at one of the small taverns. It was to one of these that *Ezra* went, for he thought there was a possibility of

of being seen elsewhere, although it was not probable that either the Governor or *Charles* would spend the night in such a place.

It was more than a month to the Autumn racing season, but the town already held many horses with their trainers and backers. As *Jaquith* entered the tavern, he saw seated at a low table in the corner half a dozen shabby, dirty-looking men, playing cards, swearing, drinking, and smoking, who cast side-long glances at him as he passed the door. It cannot be said that he was attracted by these men, though in his state of mind they had a certain fascination for him; so having secured a room, he returned and ordered ale and something to eat. The men continued quietly playing until he had nearly finished his meal, when one of them striking the table shouted in a hoarse voice, "That's my money, *Jim*. Hand it back to me."

"You lie!" said the man addressed. "I won the last throw, and that was to settle it. None of your *London* ways here. We've lived too long by the Race Course not to see through these things. The money is mine, and I'll keep it."

Jaquith began to think he was going to have some diversion, when he was startled by the sound of a heavy blow, and the next moment the *Londoner* was on his back on the floor with the rest on top of him. Before *Ezra* could collect himself the men had disappeared through the door, leaving him alone with the prostrate form.

"What's this?" cried the tavern-keeper rushing in. "Are those rascals up to their old tricks? I have told them, Sir, that I won't have my tavern used for such purposes."

"Is

"Is he much hurt, do you think?" asked *Ezra*, hearing the man groan.

"Only stunned, Sir. He is a stranger to me and arrived early in the evening. I believe they've robbed him of everything."

"He seems a decent-looking fellow," said *Ezra*. "Has he a room here?"

"No, he came in and supped, and meeting these fellows entered into a game with them. I will put him on a bed in one of the rooms, and he will no doubt be well in the morning."

"Put him in my room, for I care little for sleep to-night and will willingly give him some attention."

The man had by this time somewhat recovered, and was attempting to raise himself on his elbow. As he did so *Ezra* noticed his face. It was that of a man of about thirty years of age, with a heavy black moustache, black eyes, thick black eyebrows and hair. It was intelligent though brutal. When he had been laid on the bed, he again relapsed into a stupor, and soon began muttering, "Saddle *Ben*, and let's be off. The coach leaves at seven. Damn it, *Jerry*, we can stop 'em. Ten thousand pounds. Hurry! Hurry!"

"Ha, ha," said *Ezra* to himself, "I thought as much. This will be a better ally than *Charles Doddridge*."

The man had slept quietly for over two hours, when *Ezra* noticed that he moved slightly.

"Where am I?" said he, suddenly raising his head and looking about him. "Where are those blackguards? Let me get hold of 'em."

"The

"The rascals have gone," said *Jaquith*. "They ran as soon as they saw me draw my pistol, for I was determined to protect you, seeing that you had been cheated and robbed. How are you now?"

"My head aches badly," answered the man in a deep bass voice, "but I shall be all right soon. Now I seem to remember you. You're the gentleman who arrived just before I was attacked. Give me a drink, if you please."

Ezra put a little spirits into a tumbler of water and handed it to him.

"I came here on business," continued the man, "and was fool enough to trust those fellows. I wanted a horse, for mine was recently killed. *Newmarket* is a great place for horses and cutthroats."

"It seems so," answered *Jaquith*, "and I am glad for your sake that I arrived so opportunely. When do you leave here?"

"To-morrow, early. I've had enough of the place, and my horse is in the stable. Damnation!" he exclaimed, putting his hand to his pocket, "they have robbed me of everything. But never mind. I have always managed to get along in some way, and shall not fail this time."

"If you are going to *London*, let me accompany you. My purse shall be at your disposal, and you can show me the way, for I am a stranger, and I might go astray. I can easily purchase a horse here, can't I?"

"The landlord has one for sale which is fairly good," answered his companion. "It will be all you'll need till you reach *London*."

"Now

"Now take a little rest, and I'll do the same," said *Ezra*. "I'll awaken you early, and if you're able we'll start directly after breakfast."

The next morning they were off for *London* while most of the inhabitants were yet asleep, *Jaquith*, more excited than ever, not having closed his eyes.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXII. *How one finds Old Friends better than New.*

WHEN he had awakened, and found that *Ezra* was not in the room, *Charles* supposed that he had been restless and had gone out for the morning air. But as the time for breakfast drew near, and he noticed that his companion's effects had all disappeared, the truth dawned on him. Ordering a chaise he was driven to *Caxton*, only to find that the Governor had left, and that *Ezra* had not been there. Now suspecting that *Jaquith* had followed *Dorothy* with evil intent, he set out as soon as he possibly could for *London*.

There were many ways of making the journey, and most of the post-roads leading to the great city were well built, and kept in good condition. The shortest, however, was through *Thetford* and *Newmarket*. The coach in which *Charles Doddridge* was, took this road, and it dropped him late on the second day at the *White Horse* Inn, in *Fetter* Lane.

The Governor and his party had meanwhile also reached *London* in safety, and descended in *Golden* Square.

A day or so later, *David*, thinking little of his past trials, walked down the great thoroughfare by *Bishopsgate*, and over *London Bridge*. Returning by *Blackfriars* he crossed the beautiful new structure, sometimes called *Pitt's Bridge*, built by *Robert Mylne* but a few years before, and which gave

 him

him a resting-place by Sir *Christopher Wren* in *St. Paul's*. *David* had just reached the end when a chaise was driven rapidly by him, and in it he recognized *Charles*, who, however, did not see him.

He was quite sure that there was no other occupant, and immediately started in pursuit over *Ludgate Hill*, when the chaise turned into *Fleet* Street and he lost sight of it. Still he kept on, and was soon rewarded by seeing it turn into *Fetter* Lane and stop at the *White Horse* Inn, at this time one of the principal coaching stations of the metropolis. Before *Whittemore* reached the door *Doddridge* had disappeared into the inn, whither *David* followed him. He found himself in a long and low room, subdivided by high settees, and with a carved oak chimney-piece opposite the door. As he entered, a stout, middle-aged man approached him, and asked if he wished to be lodged. He answered that he was looking for a friend, and taking a card he wrote upon it, "Come alone," and requested that it should be given to Mr. *Charles Doddridge*.

In a few moments a pale man stood before him, looking like one dazed. He did not speak, but stared at *David* in a perplexed and enquiring manner.

"Get into the carriage with me, *Charles*. *Dorothy* wishes to speak with you. She is in *London* with His Excellency."

"Give me time to breathe," answered *Charles*. "You! How came you here? I will go with you gladly, for I intended looking *Dorothy* up today. But you! What does it mean?"

"*Charles*,

"*Charles*," began *David*, after the carriage had started, "listen to me. I've followed you to say that I forgive you for the part you took on that May night, when *Ezra Jaquith* sent me to a lonely island to die. You remember the night at *Caleb White's* tavern when you suggested frightening the Governor in his *Milton* house? I advised you against it, and all other acts of violence, but you did not heed me, and with *Ezra* and that miserable Indian, would have done much mischief to the Governor, and yourself as well, had not your sister warned His Excellency in time. After that failure you were more hot-headed than before, and joined with *Jaquith*, in the name of liberty, to insult me, and provoke me to a challenge. Your sister saved you then. But she could not prevent what happened on my return from *Middleboro'*. You still listened to *Jaquith*, who was poisoning you against me because he loved your sister and saw in me a rival. But you are deceived in him, *Charles*. He is not a patriot; he cares nothing for the welfare of the province. He thinks but of his own selfish ends and has made you his tool. I think you are at heart sincere and honest, and I wish now to save you from him." *David* paused, but *Charles* still kept silent, looking at him in amazement. "You don't speak," continued *David*, "but I've hardly given you an opportunity, and I have still more to say. Listen. You joined *Ezra* in his plot to do away with me, but I don't believe you knew what he intended. You thought I was to be sent to some distant place where I could take care of myself, and whence I could

could eventually return to *Boston*, though with some difficulty. Instead of this he had me carried to a desolate island below the *Caribbean* Sea, where for three weeks I was in great agony of mind, though I had no bodily sufferings, thank God!"
"And *you* are safe," said *Charles*, still looking at him in the same manner. "I am glad of it, for I meant you no harm. I have been through so much myself that your appearance startled me, and I have not yet fully recovered from the shock. Go on. I can't speak until I am calmer."
"Later I will tell you all," said *David*. "Suffice it now that I was in *Norwich* when you were there, having landed from the *Dreadnaught* near *Yarmouth*. I overheard what you said on the walls, and taking advantage of it found out *Dorothy*, and returned with her and the Governor to *London*. All this seems impossible, does it not? But there have been many stranger things."
Charles passed his hand over his brow and tried to speak. Finally he said with effort, "*David Whittemore! David Whittemore!* Can it be possible? I dreamt of you that night in *Norwich*, and heard you call out to me to save you. I am not superstitious, but when I saw you I was afraid my mind was weakening. It's been much wrought upon of late. You are right in all you say, and I have found out the whole truth since that night. I then learned for the first time that *Ezra* had sent you to die. I then learned that he was not a fit person to wed my sister, and that he was all you say. I have come to *London* alone, for he left me in the night, and I thank Heaven he did not accomplish what he had in mind."

"He

"He has not accomplished it, and he will not do so. *Charles*," added *David*, holding out his hand, "we will let our political differences pass, will we not, and be friends again?"

"With all my heart. I know you'll never take up arms against our country, and that you're more a follower of *Hutchinson* than a royalist. Isn't it so? Didn't you change because you believed that His Excellency was misjudged?"

"You are partly right, *Charles*. But there was something else."

"And that was?"

"*Dorothy*. She converted me, for she saw far clearer than I."

A little later they alighted before the Governor's house in *Golden* Square, and a few moments after *Charles* and *Dorothy* were in each other's arms.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In which Wedding Bells are rung, but a Wedding Journey is interrupted.

A FEW days after the brother and sister had been so happily re-united, a coach and a post-chaise were waiting opposite the door to convey six persons to *Croydon*, in *Surrey*, a few miles south of *London*. The Governor, *Peggy*, *Billy* and *David* got into the coach. *Charles* and *Dorothy* stepped into the chaise, and with the cracking of whips, and calls of the postilion, the horses sprang forward, and the happy party went on their way.

They passed over *London Bridge*, through *Blackheath*, *Bermondsey*, by the *New Cross* Inn, and alighted at last at *Croydon* Church.* There they were cordially met by their old friend, the Rev. Dr. *Apthorp*.

"I see you've received my note," said the Governor taking the clergyman by the hand. "I knew you wouldn't refuse to unite two of our young *New England* people. I consider them as my children," he continued, looking at them affectionately. "It's good, isn't it, to have a little province of one's own here?"

"Your Excellency," said Dr. *Apthorp*, "I am more than happy to do what I can for these good countrymen of mine."

Quietly, in the old church, *David* and *Dorothy* were made man and wife. Oh! how happy they were

*Croydon *Church was built in the XVth Century and was the reſting-place of Biſhops and Archbiſhops.*

were as they stepped into the coach with the Governor and *Peggy*, and were driven to Dr. *Apthorp's* house. One might say that their story has now been told. But such is not the case. All lives are not devoid of romance after marriage.

It was late in the afternoon when the little wedding party started on their return to *London*.

They had just passed the *New Cross* Inn, and were going along at a brisk pace, when the occupants of the coach were startled by a sudden halt as if the horses had stumbled.

"What's the matter, *Riley?*" cried the Governor, thrusting his head out of the window, and addressing the footman, who, losing his balance, had been obliged to jump to the ground.

"Highwaymen, your Excellency. One has the horses' heads, and the other is coming this way. Have your pistol ready, Sir. I will keep him off if I can."

"Hold up your hands," said a deep voice nearing the carriage. "We've business with you. Do as we say, and we'll not harm you, but one word and I put a ball through you. Just listen a moment. Let the young lady who is on the other side of the coach step out, and the rest of you may go your way. She ought to be willing to save such kind friends as you are. Come, my lady, do this for the sake of His Excellency and," he continued in an insinuating voice, "for somebody else."

"Away with you, and let us pass, you scoundrel!" said the Governor, eyeing the man fearlessly. "I don't fear your shooting, for you haven't the courage to hear the report of your own pistol. Away with you! I say."

"You're



Miss DODDRIDGE

"You're a very plucky old gentleman," said the other, laughing, "and I respect you for it. But it'll do no good. I won't shoot unless I have to, so be careful you don't make it necessary. Let the lady pass."

The chaise had kept some distance behind, and the occupants had not noticed the coach stop. The gentlemen of the road had not reckoned on its coming, and when it appeared a few minutes later they were somewhat disconcerted.

"Hurry, or I'll shoot," said the first man.

"No, you won't!" said *David*, jumping from the chaise. Rushing up with a cane he struck the man across his pistol hand. The pistol dropped, and with an oath its owner put spurs to his horse and disappeared in the darkness.

The man at the horses' heads did not follow his companion, but hesitated a moment; then, striking his horse, rode directly towards where *David* was standing between *Charles* and the coach.

"This is for you, *David Whittemore*," said the voice of *Ezra Jaquith* as he rode past. "You shan't have her."

There was the sharp report of a pistol, and with a groan *David* sank to the ground. With a scream of terror *Dorothy* threw herself from the coach and ran to him.

"Are you badly hurt?" said the Governor, bending over him.

"My shoulder," gasped *David*. "I don't think it is much, however. Kindly rest me on the other side. Thank you, *Riley*. There! Now I am fit to move. It seemed to stun me."

They

They lifted him into the coach and drove rapidly on. Reaching home they found the ball had passed through the shoulder grazing the bone, but except for the shock there was no serious injury, and on the following day *David* was much as usual, though a little pale and weak, but thanking God, with *Dorothy*, that it was nothing worse.

"I have a charmed life," he said, as the Governor enquired how he felt. "I seem bound to have serious adventures, but to get out of them successfully. I hope you and your daughter are not suffering from the effects of this affair. *Dorothy* was really frightened, something unusual for her. But except for a headache she is all right to-day."

"*David*," said the Governor, "that was *Jaquith*. I heard him mention your name as he fired. The fellow must be caught, for he's bound to do you some injury, and I'm afraid he'll succeed at the next attempt. I'll have this matter looked into at once. Does *Dorothy* know it was he?"

"Oh, no! your Excellency, I haven't told her. Only you and *Charles* know it."

"Then don't tell her, for it would only worry her. I believe that he can be caught, and I have a plan which will succeed, unless I'm mistaken. In the meanwhile don't venture out at night without companions."

"I dislike anything that looks like cowardice, and I'm not afraid of *Jaquith*," said *David*, "but for *Dorothy's* sake, and because you ask me, I'll be careful. I think that *Charles* is equally in danger. Shan't I tell him that you make the same request of him?"

"Do

"Do so by all means, for he is a courageous fellow, and we must keep him out of harm's way," replied the Governor, with a sigh.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXIV. *In which the Governor sends his Servant on a Miſſion.*

GOVERNOR *HUTCHINSON'S* footman and confidential servant, *Patrick Riley*, had been in the latter's employ in *America* for nearly twenty years, and had come to *England* with him on the *Minerva*. Although a small man, he was strong and plucky, and was devoted to his master. Born in *Milton*, of *Irish* parents, he had been invaluable on the place there, and at times had been given positions of some responsibility about the house and gardens. The Governor had every confidence in him, and it was to him that he entrusted the preparations for the carrying out of his plans to capture *Jaquith*.

The undertaking was not an unusual one, and had been successfully put into operation on many occasions when the unfrequented and ill-guarded outskirts of *London* were infested by gentlemen of the road, who in their recklessness and overconfidence took so many chances.

About the years 1773-1775 there was wellnigh a reign of terror in and about *London*, caused by these desperadoes. But there is no doubt that most of these "Knights of the Road" had a fine regard for their self-preservation, and at the sight or sound of a pistol they would in most cases decamp.

The admiration of a certain portion of the populace for these dare-devil and jolly gentlemen was

 strong

strong and peculiar, and this the authorities could not control. Their accomplices were many, and found in circles one would least suspect. It was said that dukes and duchesses connived with, and aided them in their adventures, and it was even hinted that a reverend Bishop passed some of his leisure on *Hounslow Heath*. But that the proprietors of the several suburban inns were in harmony with them is an undisputed fact, for these resorts were planned and equipped with special reference to their convenience. Panels, sliding doors, trap-doors, secret passages, and every conceivable means of escape have been discovered in the demolition of such of these as have given way to the improvements of the last half century.

In these days of model police it seems strange that such a state of lawlessness could have existed. But the people as a whole rather enjoyed it, and felt a certain pride in being relieved of their purses by these doughty heroes. And there still exists in *America* and *Great Britain* a class of men who look with pride on the political highwaymen who plunder them without opposition,—rising thereby in their estimation. The world changes little. In 1774 it was the fashion to be robbed on the highway; to-day it is the fashion to be robbed in the halls of legislation. The former resulted in inconvenience and loss to a few individuals; the latter brings want and distress to millions. The question might well be asked, "Which is the greater evil?"

Those places about *London* most frequented by these "favourites of the road" at the end of the last

last century, were *Knightsbridge*, *Kensington*, *Hounslow Heath*, *Holborn Hill* and *Blackheath*, and they did not hesitate to enter the more frequented parts of the town in plain daylight. In the outlying districts, and under cover of the night, they were practically unmolested, and the gibbet and threats of the officers of the law only served to add zest and spice to their adventures. It was near *Blackheath* that the Governor's party had been attacked, and it was there that Mr. *Hutchinson* proposed to look for *Ezra* and his accomplice.

On the afternoon after their return from *Croydon*, His Excellency sent for *Patrick Riley*.

"*Riley*," he said with great condescension and kindness, "you have been a faithful servant to me for many years, and I have therefore chosen you for a difficult undertaking."

"Yes, your Excellency," replied *Riley* with respect.

"It is of very great importance that those rascals who attacked us yesterday should be brought to justice, for they are not in search of plunder, but intend to abduct Mrs. *Whittemore*, and do mischief to Mr. *Whittemore*. What I wish done I cannot command you to do, for it is not a matter connected with your duties."

"I will do anything for your Excellency," answered *Patrick*.

"I know you will, *Riley*, and I realize how faithful you are. Now listen. You will go dressed in old clothes to the *New Cross* Inn,—the one that we had just passed when assaulted. You will pretend

tend to be a stable-boy in my employ, and will drink freely, but not too much. Keep your eyes open for the two men, for I am sure they will be there some time during the afternoon or evening. If you see them, say, as if excited by drink, that the Governor and ladies are going to *Greenwich* to-morrow afternoon, and that they will return in the evening. You understand what I mean? I wish to set a trap for them."

"I think I understand, Sir, and will get ready and start at once."

"Be careful, and do not betray yourself. Much depends on how you play your part. Come to me on your return, and to-morrow we will make further preparations."

At about five o'clock *Riley* went to the stable, and donned an old suit and cap, with as much stable dirt as would make him appear true to his character. Well hidden, he had a pistol and dagger, together with an ample supply of money. He looked himself over with a smile, for he was somewhat of a dandy, and started out through the Square, and across the river towards *Blackheath*. He felt of great importance in his role of detective, and did not in the least object to his expedition, which he looked upon as one of recreation.

"This is quite a trip," he said to himself, shaking his head with his mouth set firmly together. "I'll do it properly, though. If I can catch a highwayman I'll have something to talk about to the boys when I go home. Let me see, where do we turn now? This way, I think. Yes, here we are. I do believe this is the place where we were stopped.

Poor

Poor old *Mark!* How he would have enjoyed a hand in this."

It was near sunset when *Patrick* entered the court-yard of the *New Cross* Inn. Perhaps half a dozen tough-looking characters were lounging about the doorway as he went into the long, low room, and seated himself with a careless air on one of the wooden benches near a table.

"I say, Mister, give me a pint of ale," said he, eyeing the landlord. "I've got a holiday, and want to make merry. One month's pay here for you if you'll serve me well. There," he continued, slapping a half-crown on to the table, "make that go, and more later. I'm tired of feeding vicious screws, and scrubbing the clay off coaches and chaises. Bring me another, my lord. Where are all our friends, Master? It's lonesome here."

"There will be plenty here before long," said the host, a hard-looking man. "You'll soon have all the company you want."

"That's right! That's right!" said *Patrick*, pounding the table. "Call in two or three to drink with me. Ho, there! Come in here and keep me company."

The men he had seen outside the door slouched in one after the other, eyeing him in a suspicious manner.

"Now," he thought, "I'm in for it. If these chaps don't cut my throat, nobody will, so here we go."

He had finally got so far as to make his new acquaintances appreciate his hospitality, and was beginning to think that a change of companions would not be undesirable, when there was a sound of horses in the court-yard.

"The

"The company is beginning to come," thought he. "Now for a little more care in my manner. Look out, *Patrick Riley*, you've got important business on your hands."

In a few moments there was a rattling of spurs in the doorway and a tall, handsome young man strode into the room. He was fair, smooth shaven, and jauntily dressed, with high riding boots, gold-hilted sword, and inlaid pistols in his belt. He wore no wig, but a mass of flaxen hair fell in waves about his neck and shoulders. Throwing his hat on a table, he walked across to where the landlord stood, and said in a loud voice, evidently fearing nothing, "Have they come in yet? They were to be here before eight o'clock, and it is now half an hour later."

"They are here and resting. Last night was a busy one, and they went to their room as soon as they arrived."

"Very well then. Which one is it? I'll go to them."

"In the green room. You know the way, Sir."

The young man picked up his hat and disappeared through a door in the side of the room.

"Handsome *Jack* is busy to-night," said one of the men, eyeing the man as he passed out of the door.

"Handsome *Jack*," thought *Patrick*. "He is certainly a fine looking fellow, but how am I to find out anything about him? If I ask it'll make 'em suspect me."

"Where are his sixteen strings?" said another. "He's dressed for the ladies, not for business."

"It's all the same to *Jack Rann*," said a third. "He makes

makes himself look as he pleases. Business or pleasure is all one with him."

"Well," thought *Patrick*, "so this is *Jack Rann*. I have heard of him. '*Sixteen-string Jack*' they call him. He used to be in my line of business as coachman with a duke or lord or something. I'm glad to have seen him here and not on the road. But I am sure he is not the man I'm looking for. His voice is different."

With these thoughts he tilted back in his chair and ordered more ale for himself and his new friends.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXV. *In which the Servant ſhows that he knows his Buſineſs.*

PERHAPS no highwayman during the 17th and 18th centuries had more daring, or a more brilliant career than *John Rann*, or, (as he was better known to his friends and admirers,) "*Sixteen-string Jack*," from the sixteen cords which hung from his knees, emblematic of the times he had been captured and escaped justice. He had made himself the acknowledged leader of the footpads and roughs, and the officers of the law had little wish to undertake his capture singlehanded.

On reaching the room designated by the landlord as the Green Room, *Rann* found two men seated by a small table with a jug and two glasses upon it. They were *Jaquith* and his new friend, resting from their unsuccessful adventure of the night before.

"D—n it," said *Rann*, as he entered, "you'll have to learn something from me before you try again to stop a coach and a chaise with six passengers, to say nothing of coachman, footman and postilion. But I'll go with you next time, if our friend here will keep his word and pay down the cash."

"You shall have what I have promised," said *Ezra*, "but we've got to ascertain first when they're going out again, and where to find them. Will not that be difficult?"

"No," answered *Rann*, "do as I say, and we'll get

 'em

'em fast enough. We'll leave the task of learning about their movements to *Jerry*."

"I'm willing to do that, but remember, *Jack*, that it's a hard job, and one for which you are better fitted than I. You're a ladies' man, and," he added slyly, "it's through them that we must work."

"Nothing of the kind," said *Rann*. "It is through the stable. Come on, and let's go out for a ride to-night. There is no use in wasting time here, and perhaps we'll have some amusement. Will you come with us?" he continued, addressing *Jaquith*.

"Willingly," said *Ezra*, "a little fresh air will do me good, and a lesson from you will do me no harm."

They then descended to the room below, where *Patrick* and his friends were still making merry.

"Now's my time," thought *Riley*, "I'll play my trump card now. Here goes. I must get back to the stables soon," said he, "or I'll get a basting. The old Governor is mighty particular since he came from *America*. Why, he's out every day, and there's no rest in his stables or anywhere."

"Hush!" whispered *Rann*, turning to his companions. "Perhaps here's our chance. A drunken stable-boy, I'll warrant, and if he comes from *Hutchinson*, he'll answer our purpose, and save us much trouble. Sit down here and wait a moment."

"I was saying," continued *Patrick*, not seeming to notice the new-comers, "that old *Hutchinson* is out all the time, careering around somewhere. Yesterday

Yesterday he was away and didn't get back till night. I don't know where he went, but he came near getting his head blown off, and I sometimes wish he would, and that I could get a new place. He's been out to-day; and to-morrow, I heard the coachman say, they go again."

"Well, my friends," said *Rann*, coming up to them with a smile, "you seem to be making merry. Won't you join me in a bumper? That's right. I have a long ride before me to-night, and need a stimulant."

"I'm obliged to you, Sir," said *Patrick*, looking up with a stupid stare. "You are a fine gentleman, Sir, and I feel proud to drink with you. Your health, Sir, and a long life to you."

"You're a stranger here, aren't you?"

"Yes, your Honour, having but recently come to *London*. My master is an *American*, Sir. But this is a fine town. Your health and a long life to you and yours."

"And what's your master's name, my man?"

"Eh? His name? Oh, yes. *Hutchinson*, Sir. His Excellency *Thomas Hutchinson*, Esquire, Sir. God bless him!"

"Indeed!" said *Rann*, assuming an air of surprise; "a fine service you're in, and it must pay you well."

"Pretty well, but I tire of the work. It's work, scrub, curry all the time. They don't rest."

"Do they travel much?"

"Do they travel much? Well! Well! I should think they did! Nothing else but travel. Out yesterday, out to-day, and out to-morrow again."

"And where do they go?"

"Everywhere

"Everywhere, but they don't always tell me, for I don't go with them much."

"And haven't you heard where they're going to-morrow?" asked *Rann*, striking in boldly.

"To be sure I have, your Honour. They are going to *Greenwich*, and I must sit up for 'em, and care for the horses late. I don't like it. I'd rather be here."

"Another bumper, my friend. You seem a worthy fellow," said *Rann*, his eyes sparkling.

"You'll find I am more worthy than you wish," said *Patrick* to himself, "and the Devil take my soul if I don't go to see you hanged. You would look pretty on the gibbet with all your fine stolen clothes on."

"Come here again and you'll be well received, I'll warrant you," said *Rann*, turning towards the landlord. "Remember that this is a friend of mine."

"I don't think it a compliment to be your friend," thought *Patrick*, "and you'll be sorry that I am, before long."

"Now," said *Riley*, as he started out of the inn courtyard on his way home, "if I don't get murdered between here and *Golden* Square, somebody's going to get hanged and it won't be me."

He had taken fully as much ale as was good for him, but he was by no means drunk, and when he appeared before Mr. *Hutchinson* long after midnight, dressed in his livery, he was bright and smiling with satisfaction.

"Have you succeeded?" asked the Governor.

"Yes, your Excellency. I've seen the men, and they've

they've learned with great pleasure that your coach is going to *Greenwich* to-morrow, not to return until late. But I take the liberty of telling your Excellency that *John Rann* 'll be on hand, and he's a bad one."

"Thank you, *Riley*," said his master, as the man finished his story, "now go and rest, for to-morrow I shall have more for you to do."

"I'll see Lord *Dartmouth* in the morning," thought the Governor, after the servant had retired. "What a treasure that man *Riley* is! He is fitted for a better position than that of footman. He shall be well rewarded."



CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXVI. *Showing how a Thief is now and then caught in his own Trap.*

IN the afternoon of the day following the events related in the preceding chapter, an equipage drove out of Governor *Hutchinson's* stables. On the box was the coachman, —the Governor's so far as the livery showed. But under that livery was the body of an officer of the law, armed to the teeth. Behind stood the footman,—the real one, for *Riley* wished to go, and the Governor desired him to do so, as he could give much information, and was a good man for the undertaking.

Inside were the Governor, *Peggy*, *Dorothy*, and *David Whittemore;* at least that was what Mr. *Hutchinson's* friends who saw the coach pass imagined. To be sure, *David* was there. The Governor, however, was *Charles Doddridge* dressed in His Excellency's clothes, wearing his wig and hat, his face concealed as much as possible. *Peggy* and *Dorothy* were two officers, dressed as women, and crouched down in the corners, so that they might appear short in stature. The blinds were partly drawn, and the deception was complete, even for those who knew the Governor and his friends well. Also inside the coach was a veritable arsenal,—four carbines, eight pistols, swords and daggers.

So equipped, the coach proceeded across *London Bridge*, and thence direct to *Greenwich*. It did not

 stop

stop there, however, but kept on towards *Woolwich;* then as the sun was getting low, turned and headed towards *Blackheath.*

The horses went along quietly, for the occupants did not wish to reach the vicinity of the inn until such an hour as would assure their being met by the highwaymen. It was now dark, and they began to prepare for the encounter which they felt confident must take place before long.

As the coach turned towards *New Cross*, the coachman suddenly drew in his horses, and putting his head down said in a low whisper, "There is something moving in the road ahead. Get your weapons in readiness, and when you hear me whistle, and I stop the coach, jump out and all to business."

A moment later there was a sound of galloping hoofs, and instantly the horses' heads were held by one man, the coachman covered by the pistol of a second, while a third, *Sixteen-string Jack* himself, started to ride up to the coach door. But he did not get there, for at the preconcerted signal, *Dorothy* and *Peggy* were transformed in a trice, and out came four men aiming their pistols at his head. *Rann* and the first man disappeared, but the horse of the one who was guarding the coachman stumbled and fell to the ground with a shattered shoulder.

The rider was thrown violently, and before he could rise, *David* and *Charles* were upon him.

"So, Master *Ezra*," said *David*, helping to hold the struggling man, while the officers bound him, "we have you at last. When Captain *Carpenter* left

left me in the *Caribbean* Sea, I requested him to give you a message, but I fear it has never reached you. It was this, if my memory serves me: 'Tell Mr. *Ezra Jaquith* that many strange things happen in this world. He has played a very skilful game, but he may yet regret what he has done.' And it seems now that I was right. There is a place called *Tyburn* not far from here, where such as you are wont to hang in the fresh air of *London*. This is the gentleman whom we particularly sought," he continued, turning to the officers, "and as I don't wish to hear his explanations, kindly gag him."

This was done, and the party drove off, *Ezra* seated, bound hand and foot, between two of the officers. "We will go by the way of *Newgate*, with your permission," said one of these, addressing *David*. "It is well to deposit our prize without delay, for a rescue might be attempted. Once he's safe, we will accompany you to *Golden* Square."

"Very well," answered *David*, "but there'll be no further trouble now that this bird is caged. The others care for nothing save his purse-strings. Now that they are tight drawn they will pay him no further heed."

Jaquith fixed a look filled with hatred on him, and *David* continued, "You had no pity on me, nor have you sought anything but evil. Why should we spare you? It is true that you gave me an opportunity of speaking in self-defence in the woods at the foot of the *Blue Hills*, but the circumstances of my arrest were somewhat different from yours. I was a peaceful traveller upon the highway; you

are

are a highway robber, intent on abduction and murder. You need not look to *Charles* for sympathy. He has long since discovered the blackness of your heart."

"*Ezra*," said *Charles*, eyeing him with anger, "you have been the cause of my committing the only act of injustice of which I have ever intentionally been guilty. You were shrewd enough to deceive me, but you have never deceived *David* and *Dorothy*. They have read your character aright from the first, and I thank God that I have learned it before it was too late. You are now going whence you will never return. Pray for forgiveness, for you need it, and if you are truly repentant, God in His mercy may grant it you."

They had now stopped before the gate of the great, sombre prison, and *Ezra* trembled visibly. The two young men could not restrain a feeling of pity, yet they kept firm, and said nothing. The officers dragged him from the coach, which a few moments later continued on its way.

"It's done, your Excellency," said *David*, throwing himself into a chair exhausted. "God pity him!"

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXVII. *In which we again repair to Milton.*

TOWARD the end of October, 1774, the ship *Lion* sighted *Marblehead* in *Massachusetts*, landing on the same day Mr. and Mrs. *David Whittemore* and *Charles Doddridge* at *Salem*. On reaching *Boston*, *Dorothy* hastened to her mother's grave, which was by her dear father's, in the *Old Burial Ground*. As she stood there leaning on *Charles's* arm, for *David* had thought it best that the brother and sister should go alone, the feeling came over her that her father would have wished her more patient with her mother, and though she never wavered in her love and allegiance to those so dear to her, she vowed that from henceforth nothing should separate her heart from *Charles*. With a sob she turned and left the ground.

Shortly after, they proceeded to *Milton*, where His Excellency had asked them to live until such time as it would be safe for his son *Thomas* to return there permanently. They had accepted the invitation with joy, for they had dear associations with the place.

Charles remained with them for some days before going to *Boston*, where he felt his presence was now needed, matters having reached such a point that the patriots were momentarily expecting an outbreak. They had all agreed to keep their own political beliefs, but never to quarrel again. The

Whittemores were still strong Tories, wishing the government to be sustained and obeyed. But *David* would never bear arms against his native land, and like many others decided to take no part in events until the final outbreak.

Charles had changed much, and no wonder. He was now moderate and conservative, and counselled the *Sons of Liberty* to heed the words of *Adams* and *Hancock*, and give up many of their violent acts. He was always listened to, and his opinions had much weight.

They received many letters from the Governor and *Peggy*. The former had now decided to remain in *England* until Spring, hoping that by that time the Province would be in a more settled state. He sent them flower-seeds and roots by every opportunity, which were handed over to the old *Scotch* gardener, and in all his letters his love for *New England* and his impatience to return to his *Milton* home were expressed in affectionate terms.

New England in October is beautiful. *Milton* was in its glory of brilliant foliage, and its hills, vales, forests, and fields were radiant in their rich soft hues. The garden was still charming, but seemed sad at the absence of those who loved it so well. Often did *David* and *Dorothy* walk over its soft pleached alleys toward the ha-ha, bidding it be comforted, for the Governor and *Peggy* would surely return in the Spring, when its new young life would peep forth from beneath its soft covering to welcome them.

Many

Many things had happened in *Milton* since the Governor had left it. *Joseph Warren* had presented the memorable *Suffolk Resolves* in the house of *Daniel Vose*, and the citizens had formed militia companies which were drilling almost daily. Yet with all this the quiet town was quieter than a year before, the citizens being passive, waiting for the *British* troops to take the first step.

David and *Dorothy* saw many of those who were still loyal to the Governor, and the days passed happily on until the country about was covered with its snow-white winter mantle.

On an evening near the end of December, they were sitting before the bright fire in the parlour. *David* held in his hand a letter from their old friend, which he was reading aloud. It was dated the second of the month, and had just arrived by packet, together with some fine gooseberries for *Ferguson*, the gardener. He had already read a part of it when he reached the following paragraph, which was of especial interest to them:

"*Jaquith* has escaped from *Newgate* prison under peculiar circumstances. It seems that when his friend, *John Rann*, (who was keeping him company for having robbed the Rev. Dr. *Bell*, chaplain to the Princess *Amelia*,) was being led forth to *Tyburn Tree*, there was a riot among the prisoners, two of whom escaped in the confusion. *Jaquith* was one of these, and he has not yet been retaken. I have little fear of his attempting further mischief after the example set by Master *Rann*. That worthy gentleman paid the penalty the day before yesterday. He was a braggart to the

the end, walking to the gibbet in a pea-green coat adorned with a large nosegay, and receiving the homage of his admirers. I wish *Jaquith* had been in his place, but I doubt if it be long ere he is recaptured, for there is a large reward upon his head."

"The villain will not return here," said *David*, after he had finished reading, "he would not dare to do it. He will hide in *England*, sinking lower and lower, until he reaches the goal,—*Tyburn Tree*."

"I fear so," said *Dorothy*, "but, alas! he deserves it. Let us speak no more of him, for it is not a pleasant subject."

"So be it," said *David*, and taking his wife's hand he added, "yet I deeply regret that the Province is still so unsettled that His Excellency cannot return to enjoy his home."

"I have misgivings about his ever returning," answered *Dorothy*, sadly. "*Charles* knows only too well the temper of the people, and he tells me that the time is near when we shall look back upon these days as the most peaceful in our lives. Look at the troops as they march and drill on the green! Watch the movements of the men-of-war in the harbour! Things grow more and more significant, and can't be stopped now until something terrible happens."

"I fear you are right, *Dorothy* dear. But we must hope for the best, and in the meanwhile we are happy."

Some evenings later they were seated in the same room when *David* suddenly said, "Listen! Did you

you hear that strange noise? It seems to be directly under us."

"Yes," said she, "it must be a rat, although I have never heard one there before."

Taking a candle, *David* went down to the cellar. All seemed quiet, and after having examined every corner, as he was starting to return his ear caught a grating sound in the masonry toward the eastern side of the house. He stopped and listened. Again he heard it distinctly,—the scraping of metal against the stone-work. He crossed quietly to the place whence it seemed to come, and bent his head forward.

"Strange!" he thought. "What can it be? It is below the floors under the foundation."

The noise suddenly ceased, and he thought he heard a hollow sound like receding footsteps. Finally all was quiet again.

On returning to the parlour, he said, "Probably a rat. Now go to bed, *Dorothy* dear, for it is getting late. I wish to write a little, so I will remain."

After his wife was gone to her room, *David* cautiously descended again. He made a mark at the place whence the noise had issued, and then after waiting a short time, remounted the stairs. He was troubled to understand what could make such a sound under the house, and determined to listen the next night, hoping to learn something more definite.

For several evenings all was quiet, and they thought no more about the occurrence. But on the twenty-eighth of December, as *David* was alone reading by the fire, he heard the same grating

ing noise underneath him that had disturbed him before. He laid down his book and listened.

"I had forgotten all about it," he said to himself, "but there it is again."

He once more went down to the cellar. This time the sound came from beneath the floor, louder and more distinct than on the previous occasion. "I don't believe in spirits," he thought, "or I should say this house was haunted. There is the same scratching, and the same sound of receding footsteps as before. It may be some underground spring, however, bubbling up and then running away. At all events I will not speak of it to *Dorothy* until I know something more positive than I do now."

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXVIII. *How the Quiet of an Evening may be diſturbed.*

IT was now New Year's Eve, and *Charles* had promised to go to *Milton* to see the old year out. Accordingly, just one year from the opening of our story in the *White Cock* Tavern, he stole down to the harbour, and having secured a small boat, pulled toward the *Neponset* River.

As he rowed along he thought how different was his errand from that of a twelve-month before. Then his heart was full of anger against the Governor, while now he was on his way to his house to spend a few happy hours there with his sister and her husband. He wished that Mr. *Hutchinson* could be there too, not as the representative of the Crown, but as the kind, honest, generous gentleman, whom he had learned to love, for he had become one of the few *Liberty* men who believed him sincere and true. But he said nothing of this, for it would have accomplished little but to cast discredit upon himself.

The night was cold, and the exercise of rowing invigorated him. As he approached the bank near the Governor's house he perceived a boat hauled up on the stony beach. He thought it prudent to land at some distance from it, wishing to escape observation; so drawing into a little creek toward the south, he proceeded along the bank in search of a suitable path by which to ascend.

He had gone a few rods when two figures suddenly appeared as if coming out from the side of the hill. After rolling several large stones against the bank, which they covered with earth and branches, they got into the boat and rowed away down the river.

Charles was at a loss to know what it all meant; but concluding that the men had hidden some ill-gotten gain, he decided to wait until daylight, when, with *David*, he could examine the place. He had just started up the bank when he heard the boat turn and come back to the shore. He crouched down behind a boulder and waited. The men landed and went toward the place whence he had seen them first appear. He held his breath, for he was not more than a rod from them, being directly above where they stood. One of them said in a low tone, "I must have dropped it in the passage. What a fool I am! I must have it again at once. Clear away the entrance, *Pete*, and lead the way with a torch."

"This is a risky thing, Mr. *Jaquith*," said the Indian. "Some one may see us if we linger about here. We've cleared the end of the passage and all we've got to do is to raise the stone and walk into the cellar, and we don't want to be stopped now all's ready. It's nearly ten o'clock, and we have agreed to be back here at midnight. Can't you wait until then?"

"No!" answered the other angrily, "I've not broken away from a *British* dungeon, and risked my neck to come all this distance to be frightened by this. Do as I say or you'll get nothing. It won't take long, and there's no one here."

The

The Indian obeyed with an oath, and soon the branches, earth, and stones were cleared away.

It was evident to *Charles* that *Jaquith* had succeeded in reaching *New England* immediately after his escape, and was bent on business which meant no good to *Dorothy* and *David*. So after the two men had disappeared from sight, he crept cautiously down the bank toward the opening. Peering in he could see them at a distance of about two or three hundred feet, and one of them was stooping down as if in search of something. He was convinced that there must be a subterranean way leading from the river to the Governor's, but how it had come there he could not imagine.

Having seen all he could, he started up the hill, and was soon at the house.

"You are late," said his sister, "we have been waiting for you for more than an hour."

"I was detained on the river. It was cold and my hands got benumbed. *David*," he continued, "may I have a word with you? It is a matter of business which won't interest you, *Dorothy*, so if you'll excuse us, dear, we'll go to the study."

"Very well," said *Dorothy*, smiling, "only be back before midnight, for I have made punch in which to drink your health, and that of His Excellency and of *Peggy* also."

"Well, Captain," said *David*, with a laugh, as he closed the door, "what's the news? I suppose your company is getting a thorough drilling these days."

"Yes,"

"Yes," answered *Charles*, without smiling, "but it isn't of that I want to speak to you. There's something going on which requires your immediate attention. *Ezra Jaquith* is here, and he and that Indian villain are trying to force an entrance into your house."

"*Ezra Jaquith!* It's impossible! To be sure he has escaped, but how could he get here so soon?"

"That I don't know. But I have seen him, and heard him speak, too, so I'm sure of what I say;" and he told him of his discovery. "But why do you start so?" he said, noticing *David's* strange expression.

"I have it!" said the latter, rising. "Those sounds were made by something other than a rat;" and he described the scraping noises in the cellar. "I see it all clearly now," he added. "They have found this passageway and are intent on mischief, but we'll be on hand to meet them. You say they'll return at about midnight? We might have them surprised by the river, but I think we can manage them better in the cellar when they show themselves there."

They returned to the drawing-room and the evening passed pleasantly, the punch was drunk, and the absent remembered by toasts. *Dorothy* then bade them good-night, saying she wished to begin the new year fresh and bright. She had not been gone long when *David* and *Charles* descended noiselessly into the cellar, and *David* soon heard the now familiar sound. He touched his companion lightly on the shoulder and each held his breath and listened. There was a creaking under

der the floor as if some heavy weight was being moved. Presently the earth began to crumble, and with a thud the stone covering fell back.

The two men kept perfectly still, concealed by the shadow, but they could see a form emerge from the opening.

"Give me your hand, Mr. *Jaquith*," whispered a voice from below. The next instant a sharp blow from *Charles* struck down the hand that was reached up, and in a moment a sound of footsteps was heard hurrying down the passage.

In the meanwhile *David* had thrown his arms around *Ezra*. "A light quickly," he called. *Charles* made one, and saw before him the face of *Ezra*, pale and terrified. On him lay *David* with one hand on his throat.

"Now, Master *Ezra Jaquith*, your end has come. Of all the despicable, treacherous scoundrels this world has produced, you are the vilest. Are you not about weary of attempting this thing? Answer me!"

"First take your hand from my throat. You are choking me," gasped *Jaquith*.

"No!" said *David*, with a mocking laugh, "I don't trust you. If you can't speak as you are, we will forego the pleasure of hearing you, but," added he, suddenly, "I will give you this one chance of life. Get back into that hole, and if you can reach the river before we do, you escape from us this time. If not, *Charles* and I will be there to run you through. This is your last chance."

With this they thrust him head-first into the opening.

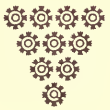
opening. They then put back the stone, covering it with a heavy oaken plank.

"Now to the river," said *David.*

But when they arrived they heard a boat being rowed rapidly away.

"They're off, and on the whole, I'm glad of it," said *David.* "He'll never trouble us again, for he's played his last card. Now let's stop this entrance. To-morrow we will explore it, and then have both ends walled up, never to be re-opened, and we'll endeavour to forget its very existence."

"I think we were foolish to let him go," said *Charles*, "but perhaps it is just as well, for I don't think he will dare show himself again."



CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXIX. *In which Two Friends make a Journey in the Dark.*

SO accustomed had *David* become to strange occurrences, that the discovery of the subterranean passage, and this last and probably final attempt of *Jaquith* had less effect upon him than upon *Charles*. The latter, as he had said, was sorry that they had given the rascal his life instead of ending it then and there, as he most richly deserved. But he had yielded to what he considered *David's* better judgment, and *Jaquith* had been let go.

They both felt excited at the prospects of their visit to the passageway, for it was evident to them that there was some mystery connected with it which would be of great interest were it possible to probe it. It was absurd to suppose that *Ezra* and the Indian dug the passage, for it would have been the labour of weeks. It therefore seemed probable that it had been there for some time, and that its existence was known to the Indian, from some tradition kept secret among the members of his tribe.

After breakfast *David* proposed that they should go down to the river, and *Charles* agreed with alacrity, for he was impatient to examine the scene of the previous night's adventures. Providing themselves with a lantern, they crossed the fields. By following the foot-prints of the night before, they had no difficulty in finding the entrance to the passage.

"Now

"Now we shall find something interesting, I feel sure," said *Charles*, as he pulled away the first pieces of evergreen from the opening. "Have you the flint? for I don't desire to be left in the dark. The passage may be full of holes."

"For my part, I don't think that we'll discover much that we don't know already," answered *David*. "It looks like a straight path dug out for a purpose, and it is probable that it was used by smugglers a hundred years ago. What place could be better suited for them? When there were scarcely any houses here, they could steal up the river under cover of night, and conceal their stuffs without hindrance. Nevertheless we will go in and have a look at it."

They had by this time entirely cleared away the entrance, and having pulled the boughs over the opening as well as they could, they crept along carefully for a short distance, and then lighted their lantern.

At first it had been necessary to bend their heads, but once within, they were surprised to find that the height increased, until on reaching a point about two hundred feet from the river they could not touch the upper part. The walls were of a hard yellow clay, with here and there a projecting rock. Further on the passage again became lower and narrower, and it was difficult to proceed. This lasted for some fifty feet or more, and then they moved on comfortably again for some time. Then *David* stopped.

"How far do you think we have been?" he asked.

"I have counted the paces, as nearly as possible in

in so uneven a place," answered his companion, "and there have been about five hundred and twenty."

"That's about what I thought," replied the other, "and as it is only about four hundred from the house to the river, where are we? It seems to me that we're going too far, and moreover I don't think we have risen two rods since we came in, whereas the house stands at least six rods above the river. How do you account for that?"

"Either we've missed some turning, or we've made a mistake in our calculations. I think it must be the latter, for there can be but one way."

"I don't agree with you there. I'm sure that we've passed beyond the house, and are far below it. See! This part is different from the first, and doesn't show the same signs of having been lately visited. Let us go on a little further and then turn back, for the air is bad, notwithstanding the draught which seems to come from some opening ahead of us."

"As you wish," answered *Charles*, "but I hope we may discover something before we leave."

For some minutes more they went on without much change in the aspect of the tunnel, when suddenly they came to a point where it visibly divided into three roads, leading in different directions.

"We have come upon more of an expedition than we anticipated," said *David*, as he looked at the three passages. "This is quite interesting, but we mustn't lose our way, for *Dorothy* will be disappointed if we miss dinner. Shall we turn back or go on?"

"I

"I am anxious to go on," said *Charles*, "but if you think best we'll return."

"No, we'll try one of these passages. Which shall it be?"

"Let's take this one," said *Charles*, turning to the right.

They did so, after marking the spot, and were soon amazed to find themselves ascending rapidly. A little later they could see a streak of sunlight above them, and the air became fresher.

"I am glad to see that light," said *David*, looking up, "but I'm not sure that it will save us the trouble of going back, for it seems to be well above us. Look! What is this? I do believe it is a cave; bring the lantern this way, *Charles*, and let's examine it. Why! there are steps cut in the ledge, which lead to the opening above! This place must have a history, and if possible we'll discover what it is. Let's try the steps. They are small and rather steep, but we can climb them."

Charles set down the lantern and followed *David*, who had already begun the ascent. It was not a great distance to the opening above them, and they reached it without serious difficulty. It was overgrown with shrubs and vines, and the roots of a great tree projected through it. It must have been many, many years since anyone had passed through it, and *David*, who had at first shown much indifference, was now becoming as interested as his companion.

Descending the steps they re-entered the cave. It was not more than ten feet square, and its walls were of solid rock. *Charles*, having reached the bottom,

bottom, took the lantern and crossed to the opposite side. The next moment he was on his knees peering into an opening.

"Come here," he called quickly to *David*. "Did not I tell you that we would find something interesting? and here it is. See! This hole has evidently been used at some past time as a storehouse, for there is something in it now. Look! *David*, can you see it? How can we get at it? I can't reach it."

David had now come up and was examining the place by the light of the lantern. "There is something there, that's a fact," he said, reaching in his hand. "Wait a moment! Now I have it! Just hold the light nearer a minute. I believe it is a sort of earthen pot," he added, pulling it out.

"Is it of Indian make, do you think?" asked *Charles*, taking it and looking it over.

"I fancy so. But look, it has letters or figures baked into it. Can you make them out? Wipe it off, and we can readily decipher them."

With a little rubbing the letters became quite distinct, and *Charles* began to read them. They were roughly cut, and the whole thing had evidently been made by an unskilful hand from the clay about. When he had finished, *Charles* set it down and looked at *David* in amazement.

"This must be some hoax," said he. "I don't understand it all, for it is in *French*, but the date is quite plain. Can you follow me?" and he read these words:

"*Bon Dieu ayez pitié de moy! Je me meurs. Je ne voie plus Jeannette ny petit Pierre. Mourir ainsi, c'est*

c'est tryste. Yl est l'été de 1569. *Sy quelqu'un trouve cecy, qu'yl cherche la boyte.*"

"Do you understand it?" asked *Charles*, after he had finished reading.

"I understand enough to know that someone has put it here to make a sensation if it were ever found. However, we'll find that box if it's here. By Heaven," he cried, as he succeeded in pulling it out. "Here it is! It does look old, though," he continued, his expression changing. "Can you break it open? Or shall we take it with us? It's not heavy."

"If we can climb up with it, well and good. But if not, let's open it here."

"I can get it up easily. Come, hang the lantern on your arm, take the other thing, and scramble up after me. We can squeeze through there and I have no desire to go all the way back."

With some difficulty they reached the opening and by the aid of the roots and vines pulled themselves through it. They then found themselves on the banks of a little stream about half a mile from the Governor's house, and on top of a large boulder. *David* now knew where they were, and they made for home.

"We look rather shabby," he said, first examining *Charles* and then himself. "*Dorothy* will think that we have been rolling in the river. Who would think where that leads to?" added he, looking back. "Simply a little hole in the ground, which no one would attempt to enter. Come on! We will look into the box after dinner."

In

In the afternoon they retired to the Governor's study, where they had hidden their relics. The box was made of metal, but was small and easily handled. It took, however, much labour to open it, and when this was accomplished they were greatly disappointed. *Charles* had visions of gold and precious stones, and *David* of some documentary evidence of the authenticity of the pot and its pathetic inscription. But it apparently contained nothing but dust.

"This is a fine ending to our romantic discovery," said *David*, laughing. "I'm glad we've told no one of it. Let's empty out the dust, and hide the old box where it won't betray us."

"I must say I'm disappointed," said *Charles*, rather crestfallen. "And yet I can't believe that we've been wholly taken in. There is something very mysterious in this whole affair. There, I have turned out the dust. Ah!" he exclaimed, "what is this at the bottom? As I live it's a small piece of parchment. Perhaps we've found something after all."

He picked the parchment up and turned it over. With an exclamation of surprise they both began to examine it.

"It looks old enough," said *David*, "and it is certainly ingenious."

"It's more than that," replied *Charles*, seriously. "I am sure it is genuine. But I see you don't agree with me. However, are you willing to listen to what is written here, if I can make it out?"

"Yes, and to be convinced by it if possible, but it won't be easy to deceive me," replied *David*.

"I

"I am not easily taken in myself," said *Charles*, half annoyed at his companion's disbelief. "You translate as I read and you'll find there's something in it." *David* listened patiently while *Charles* struggled to read the old parchment. "I can't understand it," said he, after a time; "all I can make out is something about a man named *De Foix*. The *French* is so bad that I am convinced no *Frenchman* ever wrote it. I wish I could translate it, for I can't give up the idea that there is something in it. However, we'll put it back in the box for the present, if you say so."

"By all means," said *David*, and added, as he saw his companion's look of disappointment, "I'll tell you what I'll do; if I ever have a son, he shall open the box when five-and-twenty years of age, and try to read it. His son shall do the same, and so on until this thing is *proved*. Such a *transmittendum* will be quite interesting."

With this they closed the box, and *David* took possession of it. "Now we'll get *Ferguson* to block up the entrance by the river. We will make him promise not to speak of it about here, and there is no use in worrying *Dorothy* with the story."

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XL. *In which Several Gentlemen underſtand One Another better than Before.*

TOWARD the end of March, 1775, the Colonists were still waiting for the *British* to fire the shot which should warn them that the time for action was at hand. Every town in *Massachusetts* had organized its militia, and the minute-men were in readiness for the signal to start forward in the struggle for their liberties.

Among all the patriots none was more earnest and self-sacrificing than *Charles Doddridge*, now Captain of a Militia Company which he drilled every day. He had sold his father's house, and having given *Dorothy* her portion, had devoted his to the maintenance of his company, reserving only the little that was absolutely necessary for his wants. He was sorry that *David* would not join him in his efforts to free their country, but was satisfied that he was acting according to his convictions and was glad that he was not actively hostile.

David and *Dorothy* had left *Milton* and gone to *Boston*, for the citizens had discovered that *David* was a Tory, and he felt that he ought not to endanger the Governor's property by remaining on it. He thought it possible that some hothead might take a fancy to annoy them by destroying parts of the estate.

Young *Thomas Hutchinson* was also in *Boston* under the protection of the *British* troops, and they

saw

saw much of him. But he was unlike his father; so much so that *David* could not always agree with him. That he should have little or no affection for his native Province seemed strange, and *Whittemore* feared there was a touch of selfishness in it. Captain *Fairweather* was an *Englishman*, born and bred in *Devon*, and it was natural that he should think his government all right, and the Colonists all wrong. But *David* loved his countrymen and could not understand that anyone should have other feelings than those of solicitude and pity for them. So he avoided as far as possible all political discussions with young *Hutchinson*. With Captain *Fairweather* it was different. They understood each other, and respected each other's opinions.

One evening toward the end of March, *Fairweather* was supping with him, and after the repast was finished they retired to enjoy the pleasures of tobacco.

"I suppose," said *David*, "that you will be obliged to array yourself against my poor misguided countrymen before many weeks are over. Why could not the government heed the prayers and warnings of His Excellency and repeal the *Port Bill?* It is indeed oppressive, and only tends to exasperate the people."

"That may be true, but I think these laws are necessary under existing circumstances. The idea of the Liberty men is that the Colonists have given to the government support in war and peace without adequate return; that driven from the mother country they have fostered and brought to

to manhood a great Colony which they have presented to the Crown gratuitously. We do not agree to this. We hold that they owe all to the mother country, which has made it possible for them to live; that she has protected them against foreign invasion and from internal strife; and that they must submit to her will. We have tried to conciliate them, but they have spurned our overtures. What then can they expect but to be treated as rebels and outlaws? Mr. *Whittemore*, I respect your feelings, and know that you have been faithful and obedient to the laws, but I cannot agree with you in this. I should much prefer, however, to fight the *French* or *Spanish*, for I could see them shot with a better relish than those of my own flesh and blood. But the Colonists will not fight. When it comes to that they will yield."

"Don't deceive yourself. They *will* fight. *Charles Doddrige* is a fine specimen of a patriot, and there are others like him. He will never submit. He gives his whole life to what he thinks his duty, and even you must respect him for it."

"So much so that I would gladly take his hand were he here to-night. I have heard much of him from you and Mr. *Hutchinson*, and I like an honest foe. But they are not all like him. There are men like *Hancock* and *Adams*, mere rebels and sedition breeders, who will soon go to *England* to pay the penalty of their crimes. I shall go in search of them before long, unless instructions are changed."

"There again the government is wrong," answered *David* quietly, "and I hope you will not have

have to attempt it. I think, however," he continued, turning toward the door, "that if you meant what you said about my brother *Charles* you will now have the opportunity of meeting him, for I hear his voice."

At this he left the room, returning shortly with *Doddridge*. "Captain *Fairweather*," said the latter, "you have been a faithful friend to *David* and my sister, and I thank you for it."

"And *I* thank *you*," replied *Fairweather*, "for taking me so cordially by the hand. May our meetings always be as pleasant."

"I say 'Amen' to that," said *David*, "God grant that it may be so."

"Have you heard anything of *Jaquith* since we last saw him?" continued *Charles*, turning toward *David*.

"Nothing at all," said he. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I saw that villainous *Indian* skulking about *Long Wharf* to-day, and he and *Ezra* were inseparable. Captain *Fairweather* knows your story, no doubt?"

"Yes," said the Captain, "and I trust you are rid of him. He belonged to no party but his own, and was a dangerous man. But I must now say good-night to Mrs. *Whittemore* and be gone, for we have early hours at the barracks. If all patriots are like you," he added, taking *Charles's* hand, "we shall have foemen worthy of our steel, if in an unhappy event we are obliged to use it."

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XLI. *In which Several Ships set Sail for the peaceful Dominions of His Most Gracious Majesty.*

THE days, the weeks, the months rolled on. *Lexington*, *Concord*, and *Bunker Hill* had been fought; *Franklin* had returned to *America;* General *Gage* had been superseded by *William Howe;* General *Washington* had come on to *Cambridge* and taken formal command of the army; and the war had begun in earnest.

David and *Dorothy* were still in *Boston*, and *Charles* was with his company outside its limits, patiently awaiting the evacuation of the town by the *British* troops.

It was the night of the fourth of March, 1776, and the people of the surrounding towns were preparing for that great stroke which was to be a turning-point in the history of the struggle. The citizens of *Milton* were among the most active, and when on that dark night a silent procession of men and ox-teams, laden with all that was necessary for the fortifying and provisioning of *Dorchester Heights*, stole over the *Neck*, the *Voses*, *Babcocks*, and *Tuckers*, led by *James Boies*, turned out to do the work. With them were Captain *Doddridge* and his company.

Not many days after this, Captain *Fairweather*, excited and breathless, rushed in upon *David* and *Dorothy*. "I have but a moment," he gasped. "Get together such effects as you can and drive

to

to the Point, where a barge will be waiting to take you and all who are loyal, to the ships. We must leave the town." He did not wait for an answer, but hurried back to his post.

On the seventeenth of March the *British* troops left *Boston*, and twenty vessels dropped from the Castle through the *King's Road*, to join the fleet of packets, transports, and men-of-war awaiting them in *Nantasket Harbour*. On the packet "Lord *Hyde*" was young *Thomas Hutchinson* and his family; and on an other vessel *David* and *Dorothy;* all awaiting the signal to set sail for *England*. Nearly a thousand souls had left the town with the evacuating troops, preferring to give up all their earthly goods rather than abandon their allegiance to the Crown, and we can but admire the devotion of those who sacrificed so much for loyalty. Their sufferings, on those small packets, were great. The winter had been extremely bitter, and the March winds whistled through the rigging sending a chill through every heart. Depressed, half-fed, and full of foreboding for the future, their situation was a wretched one.

Upwards of two weeks did *David* and *Dorothy* wait in *Nantasket Roads*, listening to the booming of cannon, and at night watching the camp-fires on the hills about the town. Their thoughts were on each side of the broad ocean; with the Governor and *Peggy* in *London;* with *Charles* in *Boston*. For the latter they felt great anxiety, knowing that he would not shun danger.

As they passed down the harbour they looked longingly towards *Milton Hill*. The days passed there

there had been the happiest in their lives, and now the house and gardens were to be given over to those who would care little for them except as barracks for troops. They prayed that *Charles* might be stationed there, for he would be sure to protect the place from the lawlessness of the soldiery.

For several days and nights before the squadron set sail, the scene looking toward *Boston* and the harbour had been sadly grand. Now suddenly as they stood upon the deck the flames burst forth from the Castle, reaching far up into the heavens, showing the surrounding country by its red and flickering light. At last, with an explosion that shook the very waters around them, the whole structure was hurled aloft, belching forth fire and molten rock, like sea-bound *Stromboli* signalling her sisters. Little did the *British* troops realize that by this sinister *feu de joie* they were celebrating in anticipation the deliverance of the Colonies.

After a rough passage, with much discomfort and some sickness, the packets reached their destinations. That upon which *David* and *Dorothy* had sailed went to *Falmouth* on the coast of *Cornwall*. The beautiful harbour was filled with shipping, men-of-war, and cutters, the latter moving about restlessly; for in those days the shores were infested with pirates, and at night the signal-fires could be seen on the hill-tops, warning those on the opposite shore of the movements of the King's ships.

David and *Dorothy* went to a small Inn overlooking the waters of the harbour. In the forenoon they had strolled out into the narrow streets, but being somewhat fatigued *Dorothy* had returned to the Inn, and gone to her room. *David*, however, was restless, so he walked toward the water at the south side of the town. There he seated himself on one of the benches, and looked out over the Channel, thinking that after all he should be happy, for he had *Dorothy* with him, and cared not for the world so long as that was so.

The air was soft, and he became drowsy as he sat there, dreaming of all that had happened in the last few years, when he was suddenly awakened by a pressure on his arm, which caused him to spring from his seat. Before him stood a young man, evidently a sailor, who touching his cap respectfully, said, "Excuse my disturbing you, Sir, but the Captain would like to speak with you, if you will follow me. He says it is important that he should see you."

"The Captain of the packet?" answered *David*, arousing himself. "Where is he? I will most certainly speak with him."

"Not the Captain of the packet, Sir," answered the young man. "The Captain of the brig. He said not to mention his name, but that you would know it, because you are old friends."

"Captain *Peasely!*" exclaimed *David*, with a look of surprise.

"Hush," said the man in a whisper, "don't say that name so loud, Sir. He does not wish it known he is here, for there is a good sum on his head."

"I'll follow you then. Lead the way."

The

The man passed along the shore through two rows of tall trees, whose interlacing branches formed a green tunnel for more than a quarter of a mile. Then he turned, and going round a hill stopped near the shore, in the shadow of a high cliff. There he gave two shrill whistles, and in a moment *Peasely* appeared.

"Captain *Peasely*," said *David* in amazement, "how do you happen to be here? and how did you know where I was? Do you want anything of me?"

"I have risked my head to have a word with you, Sir," answered the Captain. "You are being tracked, Mr. *Whittemore*, and your life's in danger. Listen, and then you'll see that I'm right."

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XLII. *In which Captain Peaſely tells his Story.*

CAPTAIN *PEASELY* seated himself on a neighbouring rock; and composed himself to what was evidently to be a long narrative. "After leaving you near *Yarmouth* a year and a half ago," he began, "I went down the *French* coast to try my fortunes until it was time to return for you as I'd promised. This I did, and waited about for you for over two weeks; and then giving you up, set sail for *America*. It was in February last that I sailed into *Casco* Bay, and after dropping anchor, went ashore to get some provisions. It was late, and as I went into an Inn on the water's edge to get a glass of spirits, my attention was attracted to two men seated in the corner, and talking together earnestly. I pretended not to hear what they said, and in fact was not at all interested in it until I heard your name mentioned."

"Heard my name mentioned!" interrupted *David*. "What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. As I heard it I turned my head, and saw that the man who was speaking was, or looked like, an Indian. He was saying, 'Mr. *Whittemore* is now shut up with his wife in *Boston*, but I'll watch him, Captain *Carpenter*. You hover about the Bay, and be here every few days, and I will keep you informed. Mr. *Jaquith* has never turned up, but you and I have enough

against

against Mr. *Whittemore*, and we will settle his case when we get him.' 'You're right!' said the other. 'You keep me informed, and if we catch him we will take him back to the d—d island.' I determined to watch *Casco* Harbour, so I kept outside for a long while, going on shore to the Inn every day. Finally one evening I saw my men again. *Carpenter* had not seen me when we took the brig from him, so I had no fear from that quarter. The Indian was talking again, and I heard him say, 'They leave *Boston* in a few days for *England*, on the packet *York*. They are now lying in the Roads. Go down and we'll follow, and if we get the *York* alone we can fix her. If we don't manage it at sea, I'll be hanged if we don't catch 'em after they land.' I went back to my brig and made for *Nantasket*. When your packet got under way I was near by, but I dared not show myself. No more did I dare give battle to *Carpenter* in the wake of all those vessels. But I watched him follow you across the ocean. He has seen you go into *Falmouth* Harbour, and has kept on to *Plymouth*, where he is lying in wait for you. This is why I've sent for you."

David listened attentively, and as *Peasely* went on with his story his brow contracted. "What do you think they intend doing?" he asked at last.

"I think," replied the other, "that they mean to lie in wait for you as you pass through *Plymouth*, and if possible kill you, and carry off your wife. I advise you not to go that way, but to come with me. Now, this is what I wish to do for you. Come

on

on the brig, and we'll take you both to *London* safely."

Whittemore hesitated a moment, and then said with warmth, "I thank you sincerely, Captain *Peasely*, and I accept your offer, for I can't allow Mrs. *Whittemore* to be exposed to further danger, though I should like to put an end to that rascal *Carpenter*."

"Perhaps I shall have a chance to do that for you," answered *Peasely*. "Be here to-night, Sir," added he, "and I will meet you and take you both on board the brig."

"I wish you were in a better trade, for you've a good heart," said *David*, giving him his hand. "Can I do nothing to repay you for this? I'll ask Governor *Hutchinson* to intercede for you if you wish to give up your trade for a more honest one."

"No!" answered the pirate, "I must live and die as I am; I can't give it up."

As *David* went back under the trees to his Inn he was much troubled. It seemed to him that he was destined to be pursued wherever he went, and had it not been for *Dorothy*, he would not have hesitated to go straight through *Plymouth*, and take his chances. But under the circumstances he felt that he had done right in determining to go on the *Dreadnaught* direct to *London*, where they eventually arrived in safety.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XLIII. *Wherein London is re-visited by the Reader.*

IT was now the end of May, and Governor *Hutchinson* had been in *London* for two long years. He had left the small house in *Golden* Square, and had removed to a more spacious one in *St. James* Street, where, when *David* and *Dorothy* reached *London*, he was installed with his family and their retinues, comprising in all twenty-five persons. Even this house was small, and the refugees had to put up with many discomforts.

He had come to *England* hoping to influence the King and his ministers by urging the repeal or mitigation of laws which, in his sagacity, he knew were fanning the flame of discontent in the Colonies, and from his first interview with *George III.*, he had spoken his mind freely and courageously, though by so doing he had undoubtedly thrown away his chance of returning to his post in *Massachusetts*.

That he was shunned in *England* (as has been said) is false, for he had been well, even honourably received by all. He had been offered titles, had been made a Doctor of Laws by *Oxford University*, and had been granted an allowance by the Crown which would have been ample for the maintenenance of himself and his daughter. But now he was shorn of all his property in *America*, and as his son *Thomas* with his family, together with others of his relatives and friends, had been

 driven



His Most Gracious Majesty
GEORGE III.

driven from their homes, he was obliged to support them all. But it was with a cheerful, patient heart that he did so, his only thought being for their comfort and prosperity.

Mr. *Hutchinson* was a victim of circumstances, and as his acts had been viewed with suspicion by the patriots when he upheld the laws of Parliament, so when he espoused the cause of the Colonies after his arrival in *England*, he was considered an unsafe person to put in control of a great Province. Great was the inconsistency of *George III.*, and his ministers, in their course towards the *Americans!* They sent supposed friends to give them battle, and placed in the executive chairs their most bitter enemies. If *Thomas Hutchinson* and the two *Howes* had been given the reins of government, and some of the governors had been made generals and admirals, the chances for a reconciliation would have been better.

When we analyze Governor *Hutchinson's* feelings, we find that his love for *New England* and *Milton* were even stronger than his loyalty to his King. The former sprung from the depths of his heart; the latter from his devotion to duty. He prayed constantly for the deliverance of his country, but thought that it could come only by obedience to the laws whose burden would in time be so lightened that the mother country and the Colonies could live in peaceful harmony. The idea of the deliverance that was really in store for them never occurred to him.

So it was that in the summer of 1776 he was still waiting for the time when he could return to those dear

dear scenes. *Peggy* was waiting too, but the three sons foresaw that their father would never go back again. They did not care much for the land from which they had been exiled, save that they had left all their worldly goods there, thereby being forced to depend upon the Governor for support. And it was "*Stingy Tommy*," as Mr. *Hutchinson* was called by some of his *Boston* neighbours, who took them in, with many of the other refugees who were now coming to *London*. These people scattered themselves sooner or later over all parts of the Kingdom, and even sought their homes on the continent.

Most of these were in hard straits, but some had been more prudent, foreseeing what might come to them, and had made provision for any unexpected occurrence. *David Whittemore* was one of the latter, and he had remitted to *London* a year before such of his funds as were available for that purpose. He and his wife were constant visitors at the Governor's, joining him often in his excursions. They were presented to Their Majesties and occasionally went to levees and routs of the nobility, but in these things they took less interest than the majority of the refugees. They were very content in their quiet home life. They were happy, for they were unmolested.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XLV. *In which His Excellency takes a longer Journey than any he has hitherto attempted.*

ON the third of June, 1780, the bent figure of an old man stood leaning against the casement of a window overlooking *Sackville* Street. His face was care-worn and pinched, and the hacking cough which came with difficulty shook the frail frame, sending a flush to the withered cheeks. As he looked out upon the great city he could see the flames belching forth from above the houses, and hear the shouts of the rioters, as they rushed through the streets on their errand of murder and pillage. The cry of "No Popery" would now and again reach his ears, as some fanatic rushed by under the window waving a blue banner, and wearing a blue streamer in his hat.

This was the beginning of the *Gordon* Riots, and *London* was given over to the mob, which, joined by all the desperadoes surrounding the city, was wreaking destruction wherever its mad flight carried it.

The old Governor, for it was he, saw all this with a heavy heart. He had aged visibly since *Peggy* and his youngest son *Billy* had faded from his sight,and it seemed to him that there was no rest on earth. As he stood there he prayed that he might go in peace to join his children who were now out of the reach of all worldly troubles and lay sleeping in *Croydon* churchyard. "God's will be done," he said. "I have loved and been be-

loved;

loved; I have been honoured and respected. Why should I have suffered all this? Why could not I have lived in peace, free from the cares of state, in the happy love of my children, amidst the flowers and trees of my garden, with the beautiful river and the *Blue Hills* to look upon? Alas! Shall I ever see them now? God knows, and may He will it that I rest my weary head in *Milton*."

There was a light footstep behind him, and a gentle hand was laid on his arm. "Your Excellency," said the sweet voice of *Dorothy*, "I have brought your little namesake to see you. Is not my boy fairer to look upon than those wild scenes without? He knows you, dear Sir. See how he puts out his little hands to you. Take him, and leave those angry sights, for his sweet smile."

The Governor stretched out his arms and took the babe tenderly. "Ah! What a ray of sunshine he is, *Dorothy* dear, and what a comfort you are to me! I try not to look upon those scenes without, but what has my life been, but one long tumult? But you and yours will stay with me, will you not? And Master *Thomas Hutchinson Whittemore* will grow up to love me? I should be content, I should be content."

He looked down upon the child, and the tears filled his dim eyes.

"*David* has ordered the coach, your Excellency," said *Dorothy*, "and *Elisha* is here to go out with us. The air will do you good, and all is quiet toward the opposite side of the town. *Elisha* wishes you to go, for you have been shut up so long."

"I'll

"I'll go," replied the old man, "and may I take my little *Tommy* with us?"

"Yes, dear Sir, we will take him, if you wish it."

It was near noon when *Patrick Riley* came to announce that the coach was ready. Mr. *Hutchinson*, leaning on the arm of his son *Elisha*, and supported by *David Whittemore*, began descending the stairway carefully.

"My breath comes with difficulty to-day," he said, stopping as they reached the landing. "The air will do me good. Perhaps I have done wrong to think so much of the disturbances which surround me."

"Think of them no more, Father dear," said *Elisha*. "They are nothing, and your weary mind exaggerates them. The troops have been ordered out. And see, all is quiet now; we shall hear no more of them."

"Here we are," said *David* cheerfully. "Now, your Excellency, a few steps more and we will be in the coach. Is this not a beautiful morning?"

Riley had opened the door, and the Governor had one foot on the step, when he suddenly put his hand to his head and reeled backwards.

"Help me," he gasped, as *Riley* caught him. They carried him into the servants' hall, and put him in a chair. He was breathing heavily with closed eyes. Suddenly he opened them and looked about him. Seeing *Dorothy* he tried to speak, then cast an appealing look at her. She drew to his side and put her face down to his.

"Yes, dear Sir," she said softly, "do you wish something?"

He

He made another effort. Slowly and in a whisper he succeeded in making himself understood by her. "*Milton!*—take me to *Milton! Peggy! Billy!*"
His eyes closed, his head fell on her shoulder, and with a sigh the soul of *Thomas Hutchinson* passed away.
"God grant that I may die like him!" said his son.
A few days later a little funeral procession stole out of the town unheeded by the mob. It moved slowly toward the little church in *Croydon*, where but a few years before a happy marriage party had looked forward to a far different future.
They laid him tenderly next to his beloved children, promising themselves that when all was peace again, they should be taken to the burial ground in *Milton*, recalling the words he had spoken in life and death, and which all may read in his diary: "Though I know not how to reason upon it, I feel a fondness to lay my bones in my native soil, and to carry those of my dear daughter with me." Alas! this request was never granted.

THE

THE EPILOGUE. *In which many Tangled Threads are Unravelled and a Knot is Tied.*

IN the autumn of 1783, *Thomas Hutchinson*, Jr. left *England* for *France*. With him went *David* and *Dorothy* with their two boys. Through all the horrors of the *French* Revolution, they lived in comparative quiet. Mr. *Hutchinson* returned to *London*, whence he went to *Heavitree*, near *Exeter*, and there spent the remainder of his life. *David* and *Dorothy*, however, remained on the continent.

As the century was closing they went to *Toulouse*, and the two boys entered the *French* army, where, under the great *Napoleon*, they distinguished themselves. Later they moved to *Pau*, and there the elder, *Thomas*, married a beautiful *French* girl; but alas! his life was short. One son was born to him, whom he named *David*, and shortly after at the battle of *Waterloo* he fell.

The second son, *Charles*, went with *Napoleon* to *Egypt*, and one bright summer's morning the message came that he had died of fever, and *David* and *Dorothy* were left childless. No, not childless, for they had the little *David*, and for him alone they now lived.

It was when this boy was about twelve years of age that *Charles Doddridge* came from *America* to visit them. He too was married, and had children. He had been through two wars, and bore

the

the title of Colonel, but was the same *Charles* as of old. What a meeting it was! He tried to persuade them to return, but it was too late. And so the old friends parted from each others'sight; but with hearts that beat true to one another to the end.

The bugle had sounded the reveille on the long, narrow *Champs de Mars* opposite the barrack, and the streets of the little capital of *Navarre*, in the *Basses-Pyrénées*, were beginning to fill with busy people with their *berets* on their heads, and their wooden sabots clanking over the pavements. The market place was already alive with the peasants in their homely costumes, and all was gay in *Pau* on this April morning, for *Easter* had just passed, and it had on put its holiday attire.

Looking out from the terrace in the park, near the grand old château where the white-plumed *Henry* first saw the light of day, and took from his good mother, *Jeanne d'Albret*, the cup of wine which is said to have given him his later valour, were two young people. They were gazing at the lofty *Pic du Midi*, as it arose from among the surrounding mountains of the *Pyrenean* range, its point and clefts covered with snow sparkling in the bright sun of southern *France*. Below them wound the little silvery *Gave*, and beyond, the valleys and rolling hills rose and rose until they formed that massive barrier which *Roland* alone with his mighty blast could break asunder.

One

One of the two young people was a man of about five-and-twenty, tall and fair, with deep-set blue eyes; the other a girl of perhaps nineteen summers, dark and beautiful. They had both been born and brought up in *Béarn*, and were destined from childhood for one another.

"You love me, *Jeanne*," the young man was saying, still looking toward the mountains.

"You know I do, my friend," the girl replied, "I have told you so many times before. Have we not loved one another from childhood? You do not doubt me now?"

He turned toward her as she spoke and took her hand. "How happy you make me, *chérie*," said he, "and what a joy you will be to my dear grandparents," he added, looking at two old people who were sitting a short distance from them. "How beautiful they are in their old age! You will help me to make their last days happy. Come, we will walk back to them now."

"It is nearly two years since we've heard from *Charles's* boy," *Dorothy* was saying as they approached, looking up with her old sweet smile at her husband. "I should like to hear from dear old *Milton* again, for we shall never see it now."

"I fear not, dearest," he replied, "but when our little *David* is married we will send him there, and he shall see it for us and bring us news. He and *Jeanette* need wait no longer. He will be five-and-twenty soon, and they shall be married on his birthday. We will speak at once to M. and Madame *de Foix*. And," he continued, after a moment's thought, "he shall then open the old box

box we have had so long. The *De Foix* will be amused to hear what use some one once made of the family name so long ago. Ah! here they come. Well, *Jeanne*, *chérie*, you are soon coming to live with the old people? You will be more than welcome, and God bless you both."

"Yes, dear Monsieur," said *Jeanne*, looking down and blushing. "If you and Madame wish it, I cannot refuse."

On the 25th of April, 1829, a little wedding party sat in the salon of the *Villa des Roses*. They had just returned from the religious ceremony in the *Eglise Réformée*, and the young couple were radiantly happy. No one was present but M. and Madame *de Foix*.

"Now, my dears," said *David*, taking a box from a shelf near by, "let us conclude this happy day with the little gift and the little story I have promised you so long. You remember your Uncle *Charles* who visited us about ten years ago? Well, when he and I were of about your age, little *David*, we had a strange adventure in dear old *Milton*, for we found under Governor *Hutchinson's* house a secret passage, in which was this old box. I have never had much faith in its contents, but not so your uncle. So I promised him that my oldest son should open it on his twenty-fifth birthday, and that his son in turn should do the same. Your father, my boy," continued he, his voice trembling, "did not live to open it, but now on this your *fête* and wedding-day, it is for you to do so." All eyes were turned on the young man as he took the box. He opened it with some difficulty and took out the old parchment.

"Read

"Read it," said his grandfather, "it will interest us." He did as he was bid. As he read the eyes of Madame *de Foix* dilated and she could hardly refrain from speaking till the end.

The manuscript began thus:

"*Kind Traveller, whoever you may be who find this Box, for God's ſake take it to* Bordeaux *and ſeek out* Jeanne de Foix *and give it to her. He in His Goodneſs will repay you. This is my Story: On the* 5th *of Auguſt,* 1565, *I,* Jean Jacques de Foix, *ſet ſail from my beloved* France *with the Sieur* Jean Ribault, *and many others of the Faith. We ſet our prow to the Weſt, hoping to reach that New Land where in Peace and Love we might live in our Religion unmoleſted. Some brought their Families with them, but I left my Wife and Child in* Bordeaux *to await the Spring, when I intended to return to fetch them. Alas! they are ſtill waiting, and will never ſee me again. But God's Will be done!*

"*For two long Months we were upon the Stormy Sea, when at laſt we ſaw before us the welcome Land that was to be our peaceful Home. We fell upon our knees, and devoutly thanked Almighty God. And we prayed for the good Sieur* de Coligny *who had ſent us to this Land of Promiſe. For a few weeks all was Peace and Happineſs, when one morning* François Briac *ſaw upon the horizon the ſails of a large Veſſel, which had followed us. But alas, no! It was the* Spaniard *who had come to claim the Land that God had given to us. The Sieur* de Ribault *knew the Ship and him who commanded it. It was* Pedro Menendez, *as great a Villain as ever trod on Holy Earth. Soon, other ſails appeared, and then we knew that we muſt fight. But what were we againſt those bloody Men who roamed the Seas for Plunder and Murder? We had come for Peace and to Worſhip*

Worſhip our God in our own way. Many of us had fought before, but there were alſo Women and Children and Old Men with us. How can I tell it? They were all killed, murdered, butchered—ſave three; François Briac, Paul Lamont, *and I,* Jean Jacques de Foix. *We eſcaped, and for many days lay hidden in the Swamps, threatened by the great Monſters who ſwam the Waters ſnapping with their iron jaws.*

"*One Morning when the Sun was riſing, we crept forth from our hiding place and ſet out in ſearch of better Shelter. We fed upon Fruits and drank of the Swamp-Water, and we toiled on until towards Night we came to the banks of a Broad River, which flowed toward the Eaſt. We did not dare follow its Shore, for we might be ſeen, ſo we ſwam it and continued on our Way.*

"*And ſo we went on, until after a time* François Briac *fell ſick and died. We buried him, and prayed over him, and then* Paul *and I continued on our Journey.*

"*Now the Days began to grow ſhorter and the Weather cooler. We had trapped ſome Game, and with our flints made Fires, yet we had ſeen no Living Being. It muſt have been about three Months after our Eſcape, that* Paul *had gone in ſearch of Food while I was tending the Fire. Suddenly I heard a Cry, and looking toward the Stream ſaw him fall pierced by an Arrow. The next moment he was ſurrounded by a band of howling Fiends who cut the hair from his Head and danced about him. Caring little for my own Fate, I ruſhed forward and diſcharged my Arquebus at the Savages. With a yell they fled in frightened Confuſion, and I approached the bleeding Body of my dear Friend. He was dead, and I was alone. And yet not alone, for I felt that the good God was with me as He was with my two loſt Companions, and all thoſe who had died for Him. So I ſaid a Prayer and gave* Paul *an humble grave,*

grave, and wandered on once more. Oh, the loneliness of it! For at least two Months I wandered, always toward the North. The Air began to chill me, but God still cared for me; the fur of the Bear gave me warmth; and Fish and Game, Food. Then as the Weeks passed it began to grow warmer, and I knew that Spring-time had come. The Berries ripened and the Birds began to sing, and new Hope came to me. But my Heart was heavy, for the Time was drawing near when Jeannette *and little* Pierre *would be awaiting me; awaiting me, alas! in vain, never to see me again on this Earth!*

"*And so I wandered on and on, escaping the Savages and having no serious Illness, until about two Years ago I reached this Place. But now the End has come, and I know that my last Hour is approaching. May God have mercy on and bless those for whom my Heart is breaking. Adieu.*"

When he had read the last word, Madame *de Foix* leaned forward, and with a trembling voice said, "Now, my friends, let me tell you something, in my turn, that I heard years and years ago. It cannot fail to startle you in connection with what has just been read. It is this. In the middle of the sixteenth century, a colony of *Huguenot* refugees sent to *America* by *Coligny* were massacred by the *Spaniards*. Among them was one *Jean Jacques de Foix*, my husband's direct ancestor. As you know, I left *Bordeaux* many years ago, and I have not thought of this story until to-day. These *Huguenot* refugees in *Florida* were massacred, and it was supposed that *Jean Jacques de Foix* had perished with them, but the writer of the parchment must have been he. *Mon Dieu*,

Dieu, how strange! It is as if the very dead were come to life!"

They all looked at each other in amazement, and could not speak for wonder, and *Jeanne* drew closer to her young husband.

After a few moments *David Whittemore* the elder broke the silence and related the full story of the secret passage, finally saying, "To complete this tale let me read you an extract from a letter I received this morning from my nephew *Charles Doddridge*. It is this: 'The old estate on *Milton Hill*, which was sold to Mr. *S.* many years ago, has been undergoing extensive repairs, and some strange things have been discovered in the course of the work. A few weeks since when digging in the cellar, the skeleton of a man was found in the mouth of what seemed to be a subterranean passage. He had evidently fallen in head first, for the neck was broken. Nothing was found upon him to identify him save a seal on which was cut the letters *E. J.*'

"*Ezra Jaquith*," said *David*, turning to *Dorothy* with a sigh.

And the thoughts of these two old people went back to *Milton* and the kind old Governor and his dear home. He was now at peace, thank Heaven! and had never known what had become of his beloved garden. But *Charles* had told them it was in good hands, and they were content.

And in good hands the Governor's garden has remained until this day. Those who own it now, often pause to think as they walk along its pleached alleys, or wander through the rambling old barns, how

how happy His Excellency must have been there. They would gladly welcome him back, and say, "By the fortunes of war you were driven from this which was yours. Take it for your remaining days, and when you are gone we will care for it because you loved it so."

THE END.



Date Due

PRINTED IN U.S.A. CAT. NO. 24 161 BRODART

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 550 596 1